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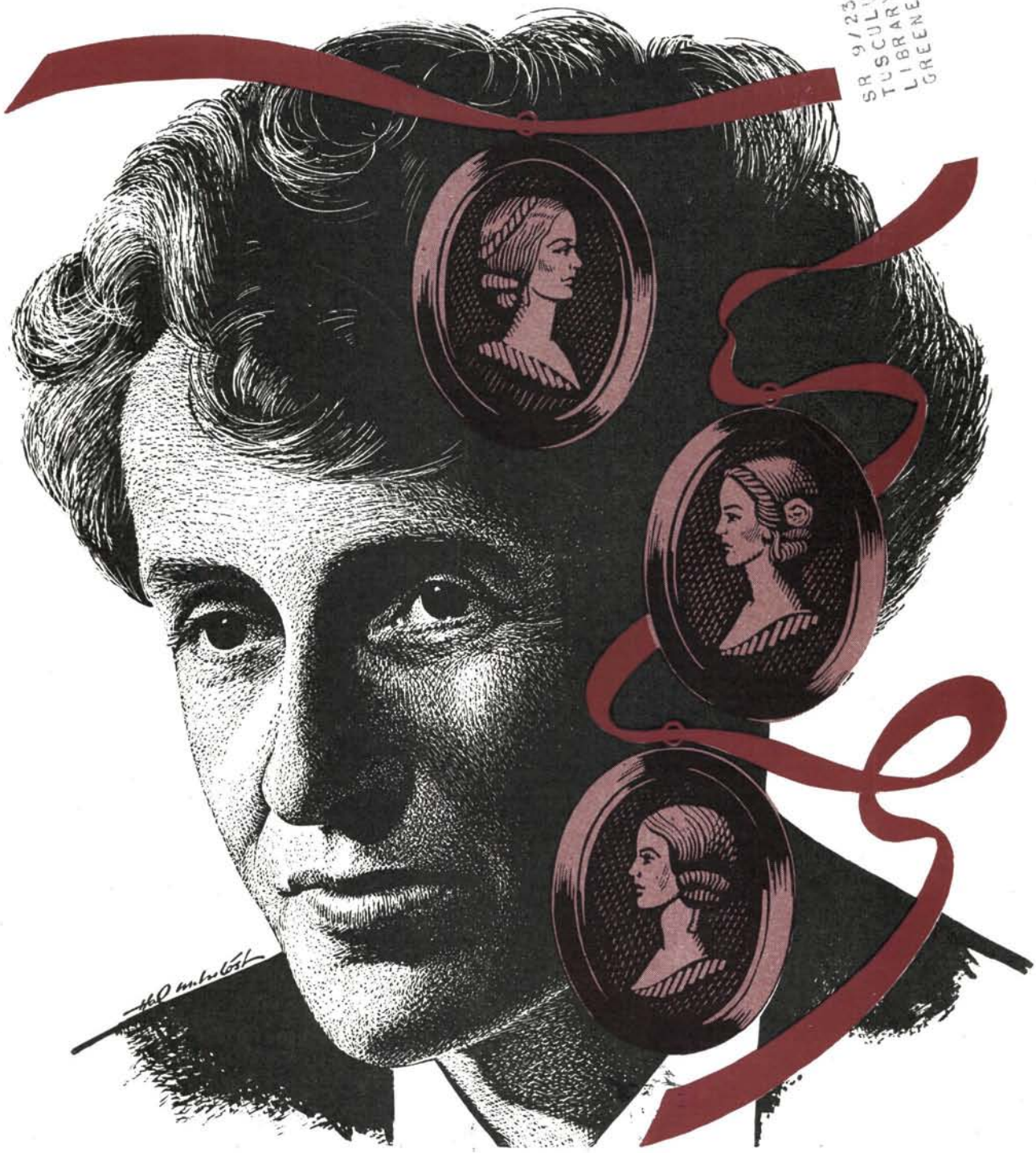

Louise Hall Tharp, author of "The Peabody Sisters of Salem." (See page 8)

The Saint as Reformer

By G. BROMLEY OXNAM

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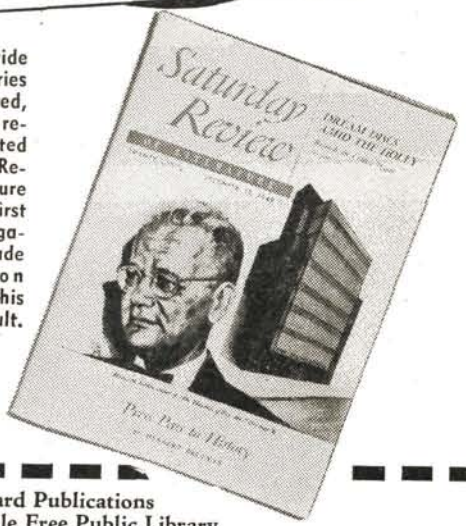

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TRADE Winds

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

LOOKING OVER the department-store ads in the swollen Sunday news sections recently, I fell to wondering which ten single stores in the entire country rang up the biggest annual revenues. The latest statistics I could dig up were for the year ending February 1, 1948, and were not too easy to come by either. The standings remain about the same today. Figures are not circulated freely; many stores, for unknown reasons, are very coy indeed about letting the public know the size of their business.

The "big ten" were led by Macy's in New York, with a volume of 168 million. (This figure, and all succeeding ones, take into account only the main store and exclude branches.) In second place was the J. L. Hudson Company of Detroit, with 143 million. Marshall Field's in Chicago was third with 100 million. Gimbel's in Philadelphia ran fourth with eighty million (less than half the volume, you will notice, of store number one!). Famous Barr in St. Louis wound up in fifth place with seventy-eight million. The second five stores were bunched so closely that less than two million separated store number six and store number ten. The totals: six, Gimbel's Thirty-fourth Street: seventy million; seven, Bloomingdale's, New York: sixty-nine million; eight, Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago: sixty-nine million; nine, Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn: sixty-eight million; ten, Jordan Marsh, Boston, sixty-eight million.

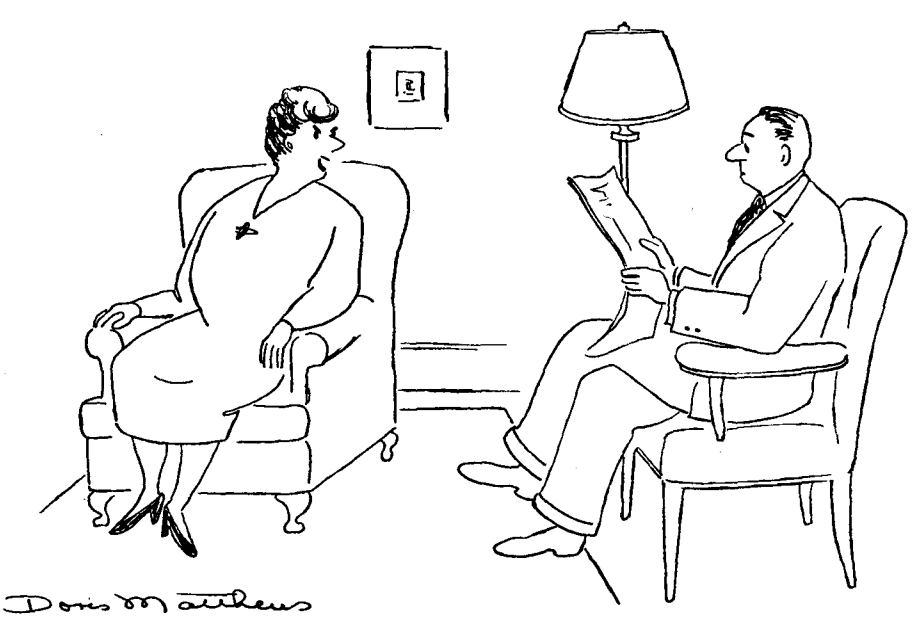
The next eight stores in line were Lit Brothers, Philadelphia; Kaufman's, Pittsburgh; Filene's, Boston; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Bamberger's, Newark; May Company, Los Angeles; Altman's, New York, and May Company, Cleveland.

Doesn't it surprise you to learn that no store in San Francisco or the entire South or Northwest could place among the eighteen largest? . . .

SHOW BUSINESS. . . . Frank Loesser, whose "Slow Boat to China" and "My Darling, My Darling" held down the number-one and -two spots on the Hit Parade for months last year, and who, with his lovely wife, Lynn, can sing his "Baby, It's Cold Outside" better than all the professional crooners rolled into one, is back in town with the score for a new musical that contains more sure-fire melodies than anything since "South Pacific" (of which, more next week). It's to be called "Guys and Dolls," and the songs particularly worth waiting for are "I'll Know When My Love Comes Along" and "Ask Me How I Feel." The book, by Jo Swerling, calls for a leading man with Gene Kelly's personality and talents but Kelly is tied up in Hollywood, and the likes of him don't turn up very often. . . . Remember Kelly as John O'Hara's "Pal Joey"? And do you know that Van Johnson had a tiny part in the original production? It was a great show, and somebody should revive it! . . . One of the few failures in the fabulous joint careers of Crouse and Lindsay was a wartime comedy called "Strip for Action." The authors turned down cold two pretty kids who tried out for a lead part. Their names were Jennifer Jones and Lauren Bacall. . . . An intriguing possibility for 1951 is a musical version of "Anna and the King of Siam," with Gertrude Lawrence in the lead. "Berkeley Square" is another hit that would lend itself readily to operetta form. . . . In "That Lady" Katharine Cornell essays the role of a lady who has been blinded in one eye and must wear a black patch throughout the performance. Wolcott Gibbs began a poem, "The night has a thousand eyes, Cornell but one . . ." Now he's stuck for two final lines. Any suggestions? . . .

BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS. . . . "This to-do over choosing titles for pictures," writes Anne Shirley, "is getting more complicated than 'E=MC²,' or 'How Einstein Became Famous.' Once upon a time the producers turned to George Gallup for a solution. He dreamed up something called the Audience Research Institute, which arranged a group of titles on cards to be shown to Mr. Average Audience. Mr. Average Audience was asked to select the title most likely to send him running to his neighborhood theatre. Shuffled in with the titles being tested was usually a dummy title. The dummy title, bar none, that found greatest favor with Mr. Average Audience, was 'The Bride Wore a Black Eye.' Someday a smart producer will latch onto that title and probably make a million." . . .

One of the biggest title snafus on record occurred when Bert Bloch bought a war story called "Makin Fell Easily" for Twentieth Century-Fox. Harcourt, Brace, publishers of the book, and *The Saturday Evening Post*, who had acquired first serial rights, thought the title was fine, but Fox bigwigs objected violently. "Make them change it to 'Boomerang,'" Bloch was ordered, and by dint of extraordinary diplomatic maneuvers he succeeded, although the *SEP* had already started printing the first installment under the old title. So what happened? The picture eventually was announced as "Makin Fell Easily"—with a footnote explaining gravely, "Adapted from *The Saturday Evening Post* serial called 'Boomerang'!" P.S.: It never was made. . . . P.P.S.: Paramount's remake of Dreiser's famous



"You needn't bother saying 'uh-huh, yes' any more—I stopped talking five minutes ago."

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"An American Tragedy" has been christened "A Place in the Sun." . . .

AND, FINALLY, BOOKS. . . . Violently conflicting critical opinions are nothing new in the book business, but John Farrar thinks Alberto Moravia's "The Woman of Rome" is setting a new record in this regard. Hayes in the *New York Herald Tribune* said, "It will establish Moravia's reputation securely here," Bradley in the *Chicago News* labeled it "the worst novel of the year," Rogers of the AP hailed Moravia as "author of the week," and Sullivan in the *Chicago Tribune* praised the author's style but dismissed the heroine with "'Tis pity she's a bore"—all in the same week! Meanwhile, sales are over the hill—the Fanny Hill, should we say?—and going away. . . . Alan Green, obviously provoked to thoughts of murder by the hundreds of capricious authors and publishers he's tried to please with advertisements and blurbs, has found an innocent outlet for his fury by penning a whodunit of his own, called "What a Body." It concerns the rubbing out of an obnoxious fellow who wants everybody to get up and exercise at 6:30 A.M. The hero who accomplished this public service has a hard time covering his cracks. Mr. Green is an apt disciple of Marxism (Groucho). . . . London's *Punch* reports that a Paris socialite thought he recognized himself as the villain in a prolific novelist's new opus, challenged the novelist to a duel, and

wounded him—"the first time," adds *Punch*, "he ever had been stuck for a phrase." . . . There will be no Nobel Prize for literature this year, although reports indicate the judges seriously weighed the merits of William Faulkner, Carl Sandburg—and Winston Churchill. . . .

Robert Sylvester's forthcoming novel about the newspaper business will be called "Second Oldest Profession" (Dial). . . . Macmillan's January leader is Richard Llewellyn's "A Few Flowers for Shiner." . . . Craig Rice's apt title for her new murder yarn is "The Loco Motive" (Simon & Schuster). . . . Dutton hopes Bob Tallant's "Romantic New Orleanians" will duplicate the success of "The Proper Bostonians." . . . Bell Publishing Company announces that a leading character in Fred Dickenson's "Kill 'Em with Kindness" is a wealthy playboy (guess who) with marriage to six succulent beauties in his dossier. . . . Vanguard is readying "Geraldine Bradshaw," by Calder Willingham, whose "End as a Man" kicked up quite a stir in these parts. . . . Nevil Shute's "The Legacy" comes late this month from Morrow, and Norton's feel that Catherine Hubbell's "Frances" will be among the most talked about books of the spring. . . .

One of this column's Southern operatives submits the story of a little country boy who was brought to visit his grandfather in town for the Christmas holidays. He divided his time between the inside of the Public Library and just outside it—where there stood a statue of Andrew Jackson astride a mule. The grandfather particularly approved his interest in the statue and said one day, "Jackson looks pretty wonderful there, doesn't he?" "He sure does," agreed the youngster, "but who's that riding him?" —BENNETT CERF.

• melodramatic, **evil,**
painful, **fast**

The Scapegoat

a novel by JOCELYN BROOKE

A strange mixture of fate and fact, of brutal reality, of intriguing suspense and mounting unease permeate this story of a sensitive, tortured thirteen-year-old boy and the virile uncle who adopts him. Step by step—in a preordained pattern composed as much of the supernatural as of the sexual—this man and this boy are led to their fate . . . as brutal and dramatic as it is inevitable.

James Stern says: "A haunting tale of loneliness culminating in a terrible climax . . . Jocelyn Brooke is more than a first-rate storyteller: he is an artist."

First published in England, THE SCAPEGOAT attracted extraordinary reviews and was unanimously acclaimed as one of the strangest, most original and satisfying novels published in years: "A major achievement." —*News Chronicle*

"A most original and unusual story . . . exciting reading . . . a remarkable piece of writing."—*Times Literary Supplement*

"An exquisitely written book . . . clever, devilishly able and subtle."—*Books of Today*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Saint as Reformer

G. BROMLEY OXNAM

GANDHI was assassinated January 30, 1948. That evening Nehru broadcasted to a broken-hearted nation, beginning with these words: "Friends and comrades, the light has gone out of our lives, and there is darkness everywhere." Speaking extemporaneously, without script or preparation, Nehru continued, "The light has gone out, I said, and yet I was wrong. . . . A thousand years later that light will still be seen in this country and the world, . . . for that light represented something more than the immediate present; it represented the living truth, . . . the eternal truths."

On February 2 he addressed the Indian Parliament and said, "In the ages to come, centuries and maybe millenniums after us, people will think of this generation when this man of God trod the earth and will think of us who, however small, could also follow his path and probably tread on that holy ground where his feet had been. Let us be worthy of him. Let us always be so."

A saint had become a martyr. The apostle of non-violence had fallen at the hand of violence. But the weaponless leader of millions had conquered. His beloved India was free and reform had been wrought by regeneration.

Gandhi was a saint who applied the scientific method in his search for the laws that govern in the realm of the spirit. "My Experiments with Truth" is the title of his autobiography. With the persistence of a scientist and the devotion of a disciple, Gandhi studied the spiritual life and sought to discover the will of God. A fact was a fact, and hypotheses that failed to include all the facts were rejected. "Facts mean truth," he said. The hypothesis itself was not proclaimed until tested out in his own life and proved to be workable. "It has been the rule of my life never to ask anyone to do anything which I had not tried out in practice myself," he wrote.

"My life is based on disciplinary resolutions," he declared, and that is true, but the resolutions resulted from experimentation. He was a reformer of the reformers, but the reform began in his heart and moved out by way of individuals to the millions. Self-purification preceded social purification. "The path of self-purification," he said, "is hard and steep. To attain the perfect purity one has to become absolutely passion-free in thought, speech, and action; to rise above the opposing currents of love and hatred, attachment and repulsion."

C. F. Andrews says, "Mahatma Gandhi's estimate of human conduct . . . will be found to center in three cardinal virtues, recurrent in all his writings. These are Truth, Loving-Kindness, and Inner Purity." His insatiable desire for knowledge led him to read John Ruskin's "Unto This Last." He could not lay the book aside: "It gripped me. Johannesburg to Durban was a twenty-four hours' journey. The train reached there in the evening. I could not get any sleep that night. I determined to change my life in accordance with the ideals of the book." There it is, truth to be acted upon. The book brought about "an instantaneous and practical transformation in my life. . . . It . . . captured me." "The teachings of 'Unto This Last' I understood to be:

"1. That the good of the individual is contained in the good of all.

"2. That a lawyer's work has the same value as the barber's, inasmuch as all have the same right of earning their livelihood from their work.

"3. That a life of labor, *i.e.*, the life of the tiller of the soil and the handicraftsman, is the life worth living. . . .

"I arose with the dawn, ready to reduce these principles to practice."

—*Justus in* Minneapolis Sunday Tribune.

"The Fallen Keystone."

HIS mind was constantly considering all aspects of the problems of the spiritual life. He had noted the waning of enthusiasm when the crisis of conflict passed and the failure of men who pledged money to support a cause to pay the subscription when due. He had been hurt by the readiness of the selfish to let others carry the burdens. He wrote, "It has always been impossible for me to reconcile myself to any one member of the body politic remaining out of use." Experience had taught him "that without infinite patience it was impossible to get the people to do any work. It is the reformer," he saw, "who is anxious for the reform, and not society, from which he should expect nothing better than opposition, abhorrence, and even moral persecution. Why may not society regard as retrogression what the reformer holds dear as life itself?" He himself became fearful of his own success in the law. "I was afraid that my main business might become merely money-making." The idea of renunciation that had gripped him when in England clung to him.

The problem of applying absolute moral principles to concrete situations concerned him. "The applicability of the principle of looking at a thing from a different standpoint in different

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circumstances" he accepted and tried to make clear to his followers, but not too successfully. "But all my life through, the very insistence on truth has taught me to appreciate the beauty of compromise. I saw in later life that this spirit was an essential part of Satyagraha. It has often meant endangering my life and incurring the displeasure of friends. But truth is hard as adamant and tender as a blossom."

The Gita, the Sermon on the Mount, Tolstoy, Ruskin, Raychandbhai, and others, his own meditations, and the careful checking of experience were leading him to renunciation. He speaks of possessions as "tying a white elephant at my door." He asks, "What barrier is there that love cannot break?" He declares, "My experience has shown me that we win justice quickest by rendering justice to the other party."

These are not the fugitive considerations of a dreamer. He was engaged in the practice of law, of political reform, of managing important institutions, of organizing masses of ignorant men and women, and of financing such movements. He dealt with all sorts and conditions of men and women. He was not a teacher speaking out of the quiet of a secluded study nor a religious leader protected by the customs of a formal service of worship. He was surrounded by his followers who were dependent upon him, caught up in the fury of a mob bent upon his destruction, at war with all practices that limited God in using him as an instrument, at times a prisoner, an administrator, a teacher, a father, a husband. "Most of my reading since 1893 has been done in jail," he remarks somewhat slyly. Upon a return trip to Bombay, it appeared the ship would founder. When the terrible storm had subsided, he noted, "With the disappearance of danger disappeared also the name of God from their lips."

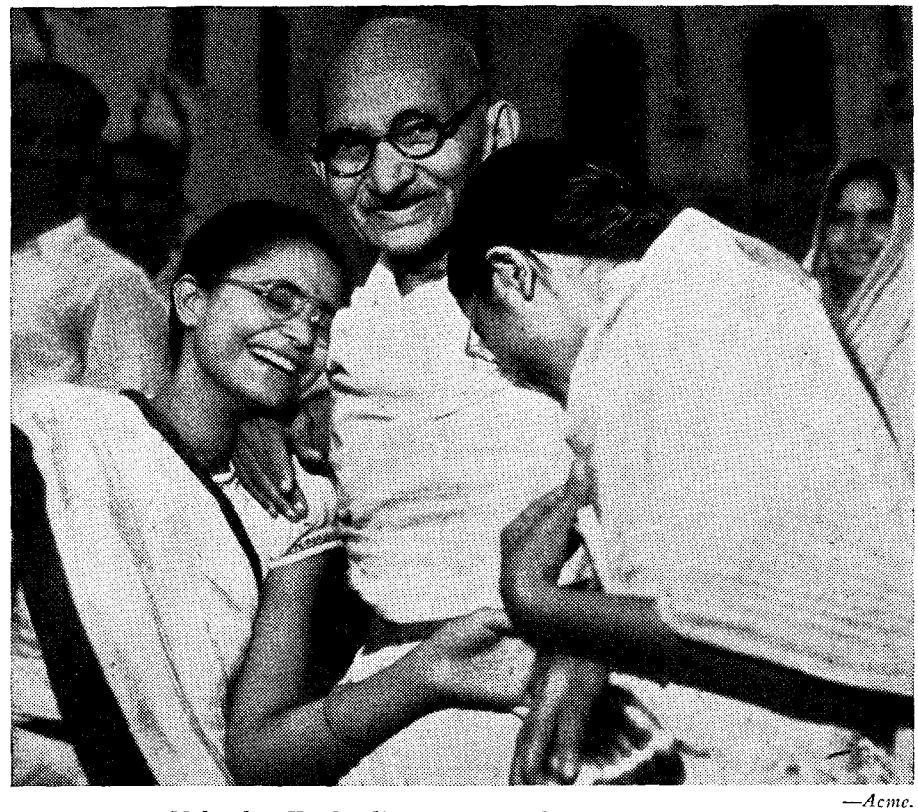
IN the midst of such pressure he thinks of the question of fasting. Does it contribute to the spiritual life? He is realistic and honest with himself. He writes, "Fasting is useful when mind cooperates with starving body or, that is to say, when it cultivates a distaste for the objects that are denied to the body. Mind is at the root of all sensuality. Fasting, therefore, has a limited use, for the fasting man may continue to be swayed by passion. But it may be said that extinction of the sexual passion is, as a rule, impossible without fasting, which may be said to be indispensable for the observance of bramacharya [celibacy]."

Vincent Sheean has chosen "Lead, Kindly Light" as the title of his study of Gandhi. It carries the subtitle, "Gandhi, and the Way to Peace." In a long conference with Gandhi shortly before the assassination Sheean reports the conversation in these words: "The principal thing he communicated to me was the necessity of the renunciation of the world. He was at great pains to show that the fruits of action are not forbidden, and that the world could be enjoyed, providing it is first renounced. This means, of course, that a man must at all times be ready to give his life for his truth. It involves a great decision which, once made, can never be retraced. Gandhi had himself decided long ago and since then had never been afraid. Centrally, overriding everything else, the truth was for him sovereign and identified with the idea of God. The fruits of action might be anything; but if the renunciation had first taken place, thoroughly, fully, in the heart, then the consequences, good or ill, could not affect the steadfastness of the soul." Gandhi read from the Isha Upanishad, and translated for Sheean, "The whole world is the garment of the Lord. Renounce it, then, and receive it back as the gift of God."

The saint, by a scientific study of the spirit, reached at last a fundamental conclusion. It lies in the principle called Satyagraha. Gandhi found it hard to express its meaning in English. "Passive resistance" is near, but construed too narrowly by English-speaking people. The word was coined by Maganlal Gandhi in response to an offer of a prize by *Indian Opinion*, Gandhi's paper. The word first proposed was "Sadgraha," "Sat" meaning truth, and "Agraha" meaning firmness. "But in order to make it clearer, I changed the word to 'Satyagraha,'" writes Gandhi. Gandhi had thought deeply upon what may be called the moral use of physical force. He himself had said, "I would rather see India freed by violence than enchained like a slave by her foreign oppressors." There is no comfort for the coward in the use of soul-force, truth-force, love-force, call it what one may. Gandhi said, "Where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I advise violence. . . ." But he had found another and, he believed, both better and more powerful way. "I cultivate the quiet courage of dying without killing. But to him who has not this courage I advise that of killing and of being killed, rather than that of shamefully fleeing from danger. For he who runs away commits mental violence; he runs away because he has not the courage to be killed while he kills." "I would risk violence a thousand times rather than emasculation of the race. I would rather have India resort to arms to defend her honor than that she would in a cowardly manner become or remain a helpless victim to her own dishonor.

"But I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence, for-

(*Continued on page 27*)



—*Acme.*

Mohandas K. Gandhi with granddaughters Mani and Ava—"truth is hard as adamant and tender as a blossom."

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Personal History. *Some of the hitherto overlooked ladies who blossomed during the three decades of what Lewis Mumford called "the golden day" and Van Wyck Brooks termed "the flowering of New England" are being celebrated in two new books. The lively, clever, and charming Peabody girls—Sophia, who married Nathaniel Hawthorne; Mary, who married Horace Mann, and Elizabeth, who was a distinguished educator—are at last given their due in Louise Hall Tharp's delightful biography "The Peabody Sisters of Salem," reviewed below. The genteel ladies who about the same time were helping make Lowell a model for American industrialism are presented in another book, Hannah Josephson's "The Golden Threads," which will be noticed here shortly. . . . New light on one of the classic romances of English literature, Byron's throbbing affair with Teresa Guiccioli, is cast by Iris Origo's "The Last Attachment."*

Three Lives in a New England Tapestry

THE PEABODY SISTERS OF SALEM. By Louise Hall Tharp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 372 pp. $4.

By MADELEINE B. STERN

FOR MANY years now the Peabody sisters have been flitting in and out of books that glorify New England's flowering. Sophia, as the wife of Hawthorne; Mary, as the wife of Horace Mann, and Elizabeth, as educator and champion of worthy causes, have all made brief though provocative appearances in a long succession of memoirs and biographies. The pictures of Sophia painting a genteel panel or listening to her husband read aloud his latest story, of Mary copying school reports for Horace Mann, and, above all, of Elizabeth—that crusader with the drooping petticoat and untidy topknot—have all lent a touch of color to books in which they played supporting roles.

It is high time that the Peabody sisters had the spotlight turned upon them in a book of their own. Mrs. Tharp has been wise in her choice of a subject, and the Peabody sisters have been fortunate in their biographer. She writes with a sure though light touch, and, with a wealth of manuscript material at her disposal, has produced a book that is firmly based in fact and delightfully readable. Her task was not easy. Entwining the threads of three lives in a closely woven tapestry is no simple achievement, but by an ingenious criss-crossing of events Mrs. Tharp has accomplished this feat.

From the start, when we catch a glimpse of Mary and Sophia bound for Cuba in 1833, the characters of the sisters are vividly drawn: Sophia, "small-boned and fragile . . . but walking with a gay rhythm that was almost dancing"; Mary, "withdrawn and self-contained"; Elizabeth, "a victor's gleam in her eye . . . her bonnet all askew and her shawl threatening to come loose from its moorings." So they continue, rounded out by time and circumstance, throughout the book. Fully half the biography is taken up before the famous marriages, and in this the author has been wise, for the early portions of their lives are the least familiar, and Mary and Sophia were in their thirties when they married.

Sophia pursues her art studies with Doughty and Chester Harding, paints landscapes or lamp shades, and, despite her mother's curious disposition to treat her youngest daughter as an invalid, emerges as the capable wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, making a home for him at Concord or Salem, Lenox or Boston, traveling abroad with him during his consulship, and finally attempting to apotheosize him after his death by Bowdlerizing his notebooks. Sophia's lack of political consciousness estranged her from her sisters, both of whom were more eager to fight against wrongs than against vulgarity. With her subtle sense of humor and dependability Mary develops into a fit mate for "Dear Mr. Mann," unobtrusively accompanying him upon a honeymoon that was actually a European school survey, evolving into a true "Buckeye" during Mann's presidency of Antioch, botanizing, teaching, writing her first novel at the age of eighty. Her love of secrecy was in direct ratio to Elizabeth's love of prying, but it is Elizabeth, with her tireless and often tiresome efforts in behalf of others, who emerges as the most notable portrait of the biography.

Elizabeth, eschewing ribbons for

THE AUTHOR: "It brought 'The Peabody Sisters of Salem' closer to me," says Louise Hall Tharp, "to reflect that I am also 'of Salem.' In 'Main Street' Nathaniel Hawthorne writes, 'Joshua Buffum is standing in the pillory. Cassandra Southwick is led to prison.' I am descended from both! The crime of which they were guilty was heresy. They were Quakers." Decades later it was the Friends' turn to look bleak about "that man that Louise [her mother] married"—Newton Marshall Hall, D.D., of North Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass. "He used to read Emerson's poems and essays aloud to me so often that I find myself on familiar ground among the Transcendentalists—almost one of them myself. He knew that I would write someday but I had my youthful heart set upon illustration. Hence art school and European travel. We spent much time in the places the Peabody sisters enjoyed, experienced in a wintry Rome the same dismal cold, and spring gladness." In 1924 she became editor of *The Trailmaker*, which led to her first writing—a column on Brownies for *The Leader*—both Girl Scout magazines. Her first book, however, was simply an alarmed mother's attempt to quicken some literary interest in two small sons, then engrossed in kayaks and snakes—no anathema, for that matter, to Mrs. Tharp. Her excursions into the past for several subsequent juveniles have been readily shared with sails up and down Long Island Sound near Darien, Conn., where they live. "I suppose I'm 'sea struck,'" she says. Reading about the Peabodys in Van Wyck Brooks's "The Flowering of New England" finally inspired her to address an adult audience. The result opposite, a January Book of the Month, has in turn prompted her to begin a new biography of Horace Mann, whom she has found through his letters to be "an immensely more human person than the general public thinks." —R.G.

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Greek, knowing just a little too much Latin and Hebrew to be popular, serving Channing as secretary and Alcott as teacher, opening her famous West Street bookshop, visiting her friends minus baggage, her nightgown under her dress, founding the American kindergarten, lobbying—in her eighties—for the Indians—Elizabeth, vital and formidable, comes into her own as the most remarkable, albeit the most eccentric of the Peabody sisters of Salem.

Salem, too, comes alive here, and Concord and Boston, the backgrounds against which the sisters lived their colorful lives. But the background never eclipses their characters in this fresh and charming interpretation. Though much of the story is familiar, Mrs. Tharp has found, in the rich "Cuba Journals" of the Mann Collection and in manuscript sources elsewhere some new material, notably that concerning Elizabeth's romance with the mysterious "L. B." and her ardent attraction to Horace Mann. And, while people can lie in manuscript as well as in print, it is satisfying to know that this first biography of the Peabody sisters is based upon original sources.

There are, however, one or two inaccuracies. It is a bit surprising to find Mrs. Tharp accepting unreservedly the legend of Nathaniel Hawthorne's mother as complete recluse, a point which has been questioned in the latest Hawthorne scholarship, though the seclusion of the Hawthornes at "Castle Dismal" is well conveyed; and the author's reference to "the gentle Thoreau" may raise a few eyebrows.

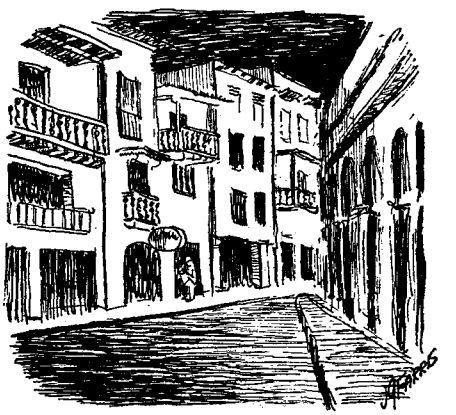
However, these are minor points at which to cavil in a book that has so many good things. Among the nuggets, there is Hawthorne "taking note of everything and at the same time wishing he were elsewhere"; or Mrs. Clarke of the famous boardinghouse, who "had a positive genius for thinking the worst and then spreading the news"; or Mrs. Peabody, who "could not help blaming her husband, not only for his ill-success at providing for his family, but for his good success in adding to it." Mrs. Tharp writes often with tongue in cheek, and even her notes are amusing as well as informative. She has written a biography of great charm and readability, and it is good to know that the Peabody sisters—those descendants of Boadicea who assisted at New England's flowering—are again in circulation.

Madeleine B. Stern is author of a biography of Margaret Fuller. Her life of Louisa May Alcott is to be published shortly.

Byron's Final Passion

THE LAST ATTACHMENT: The Story of Byron and Teresa Guiccioli. By Iris Origo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 533 pp. $5.

By Robert Halsband



IN HIS very first letter to Teresa Guiccioli, early in 1819, Byron wrote: "I assure you that you shall be my last Passion." It was an accurate prediction, though towards the end—when, in 1823, he sailed for Greece on his last journey—the Passion had subsided to a jaded, almost a bored conjugality. But he had been faithful to her, more or less, for four years; he had allowed her to inspire or to suppress some of his maturest poetry, and he had enjoyed with her some of the most contented and productive years of his life.

In Peter Quennell's book on Byron in Italy she is pushed into the background; she merely provided a "romantic treadmill" for the poet worn out by the disordered lechery of his life in Venice. And in Harold Nicolson's brilliant study of Byron's last journey she is mentioned almost with contempt as the burden which he was happy to escape when he left Italy. But she cannot be dismissed so lightly. Two years ago Austin Gray devoted a book to her, but it is tediously romanticized. Besides, as he ruefully admits, he had not found that most important document, Teresa's own intimate account of her life with Byron.

The Marchesa Origo has been luckier. She has consulted Teresa's 1,700-page manuscript "Vie de Lord Byron," of which she prints excerpts, and she also prints 149 new love letters from Byron. From Italian archives she has dug out documents which explain Teresa's tangled marital affairs with Count Guiccioli and which show the extent of Byron's revolutionary activities in Italy. In her engrossing account we read the entire history of Byron's attachment to Teresa and to Italy.

In Venice he met her, a provincial bride of eighteen (and he an old man of thirty-one), and followed her to her husband's home in Ravenna. In the Italian manner he established himself as her *Cavalier Servente*. ("Cavalier Servitude," he referred to it in a letter to England.) During this period he achieved his most vigorous health and productive genius. Then when Teresa's family was expelled for revolutionary activity, which included their friendship for him, he reluctantly followed them to Pisa and then again to Genoa. On the 13th of July, in spite of his superstitious fear of that number, he embarked for Greece on the *Hercules*, while Teresa was carried screaming to her carriage to return to Bologna.

Thus ended Byron's last (romantic) attachment. The rest of his story is the tragic and heroic quest which ended on his death-bed at Missolonghi; the rest of hers is a fussy, long-lived career as Byron's famous last mistress. She finally bestowed her hand on a French peer, who proudly boasted of her past. She had remained faithful to Byron's memory, and after her husband's death she affirmed, "They are together now and are the best of friends." How Byron would have laughed!

For he had laughed at her often enough, even when he was most firmly attached to her. There were many things he found absurd in her. Yet one cannot take too seriously either the excessively flippant remarks which he sent to his English correspondents or the excessively ardent letters he sent to her. His romantic ardor is always contrapuntal to his cynicism. This contradiction, which underlies his poetry and his life, is the simultaneous expression of the heroic and the mock-heroic. He assumed a pose and then held up a mirror to ridicule it. Even in the last moments of his life he is both actor and spectator; as he lay dying, racked by fever and pain, he looked around at his weeping friends, and muttered (in Italian): "Oh, this is a beautiful scene."

The Marchesa Origo is sensitive to the inconsistencies, to the mixed motives and impulses, in both Teresa and Byron. Her book is that *rara avis*—a study which uncovers original materials and treats them with thorough and impeccable scholarship and which at the same time presents a story of great human interest. Along with Quennell's and Nicolson's interpretive studies, it admirably fills in the concluding section of the "Byron epic."

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The World.

"Communism," writes Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in one of the reviews below, "has been the most tragic deception of our age." "Communism," Hallett Abend writes in another review, "is a purely Russian product." This tragic Russian deception, as it is in theory and reality, is providing generals and journalists with a theme for some of the timeliest books of the season. In "My Three Years in Moscow" General Walter Bedell Smith reports on what he learned about the USSR and its ideology during his tour of duty as American Ambassador. A fortnight hence, General Frank Howley will be publishing "Berlin Command," an account of what he discovered during a four years' battle of wits in Germany. In "The God That Failed," Richard Crossman has gathered the testimony of six intellectuals who were for a time bedazzled by Communism.

—*Fitzpatrick in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"East Germany People's Government."

A Purely Russian Product

MY THREE YEARS IN MOSCOW. By Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 346 *pp.* $3.75.

By Hallett Abend

MOST MEN would feel that a lifelong ambition had been fully realized if they had succeeded in giving distinguished service to their country in any single capacity. Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, by writing "My Three Years in Moscow," brings his useful and important services to the nation to a record of having served magnificently in three capacities: first, as one of the most successful commanders in the European drive against Hitler's armies; second, as American Ambassador to the Soviet Union, and, third, as the author of a tremendously revealing volume about Communism, its ways, its works, and its aims.

Versatile as this career shows the General to be, a careful reading of his book establishes the fact that he could have made for himself a distinguished career in a fourth field. He could also have been a top newsman and foreign correspondent.

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Ballet Russe."

In the concluding chapter, called "War or Peace?", the General makes an observation that could well have been the opening for Chapter I. He says that "so-called Marxian Communism is purely Russian and was developed by Lenin and Stalin on the basis of age-old Czarist Russian traditions of despotic power and absolute control." Then the author adds that it would be a great mistake to fail to understand this "or to be misled into thinking that any system of government could conceivably issue from the dark depths of Russian despotic history that could really understand the hopes and aspirations of Western states," where the whole concept of government has evolved from the magnificent progressive and liberal traditions that have been at the heart of the development of the civilization of the West.

Unfortunately, the General does not state flatly whether or not be believes that war between the Communist world and the free world is inevitable. But he does say that three years in Moscow convinced him that world revolution and ultimate world domination have always been the goals of Soviet policy, that this policy is unchanged today and will continue unchanged for the foreseeable future.

In this same final chapter General Smith recounts that a "neutral" chief of mission canvassed all the diplomats of all the satellite powers on the question of war or peace, and they were unanimous in declaring that an armed clash is inevitable. The American Ambassador also found that most of his diplomatic colleagues from other than satellite states also held the conviction that the achievement of world Communism "is to be sought in the near future and primarily through the use of Soviet armed strength."

Many of the chapters are headed with well-chosen excerpts from dispatches sent from St. Petersburg to Washington in 1852 and 1853 by Neill S. Brown, then American Minister to Russia. All of these revealing and damning quotations would have been just as true if they had been written yesterday instead of nearly a century ago, which confirms the General's thesis that Communism is a purely Russian product.

General Smith made a careful examination of all possible sources of information relative to the Soviet's slave-labor camps. His shocking conclusion is that fully 8 per cent of the total population of the Soviet Union, or about 15,000,000 men and women, have been sentenced to "involuntary labor."

"My Three Years in Moscow," without striving for sensationalism, presents a frightening picture. The General points out that violence is inherent in the Russian domestic situation. "To retain power," he says, the Communist oligarchy must "resort to means as ruthless as those by which they acquired it, and they carry with them always the sense of insecurity, which haunts those who have usurped power and who retain it by force."

Three years of constant contact with the heads of the Soviet regime convinced General Smith that Stalin and the Politburo never had the slightest intention to permit the people of Eastern Europe freely to choose their own forms of government, and that all the many promises to ourselves and the British were deliberately made in bad faith.

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Dim Views of the Red Star

THE GOD THAT FAILED. Edited by Richard Crossman. New York: Harper & Bros. 273 pp. $3.50.

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

THIS is a book of great power, fascination, and significance. Its subject is Communism. It deals with this subject, not externally, from the viewpoint of outsiders trying to puzzle out what has driven men to the Communist faith, but internally, from the viewpoint of those who themselves once shared that faith and, in explaining it, are reconstructing an organic part of their own lives. Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, and Stephen Spender were all members of the Communist Party; André Gide and Louis Fischer were sympathetic observers with heavy emotional investments in the Soviet regime. The story of the emotions which drew such men to Communism and the story of the events which disillusioned them state concretely and compellingly the great issue of our time.

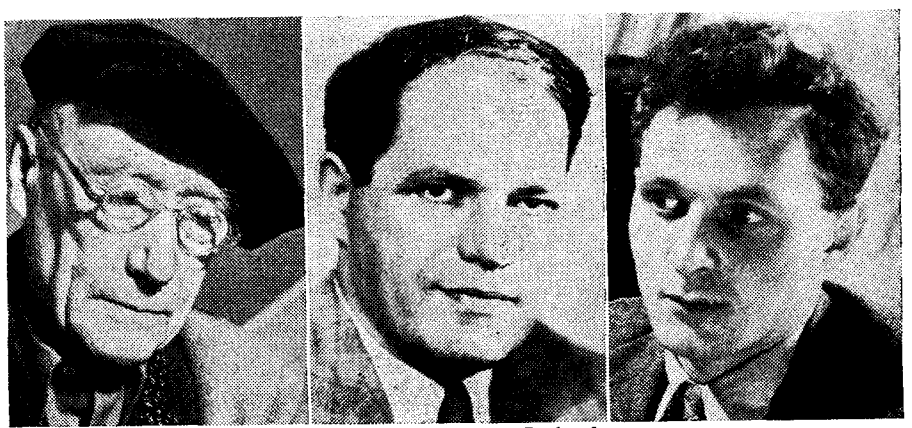
The contributors to "The God That Failed" are all serious men, concerned, not with Sunday-supplement sensationalism, but with a serious exploration of the circumstances which turned some of the most intelligent, generous, and courageous men of their generation into the accomplices of the most complete totalitarianism known to history. The four who joined the Communist Party were all born between 1900 and 1909. They came to political maturity in the turmoil and wreckage which followed the First World War. For the three Europeans, Fascism was the terrible political reality, and for the American the evil of racial discrimination served as the moral equivalent of Fascism. They all were attracted to Communism as offering the only disciplined and dedicated resistance to the terror of Fascism. And the threat of Fascism kept them sympathetic to Communism—or at least silent about it—long after they had begun to perceive the Communist degeneracy, for they accepted the Communist myth that to be anti-Communist was to aid the Fascists. But eventually some climactic horror severed the umbilical cord.

Silone, Koestler, and Wright took the most active part in the Communist movement. Their essays are consequently the most detailed and illuminating; each is, in addition, a brilliant expression of the personality of the author. Silone joined the Party earliest and rose to the highest position. He gives a vivid account of the corruption of the Communist International, and, in the best Silone manner, he finds the characteristic episode not in the long, heavy exercises of dialectic but in the simple response of an English Communist when told to promise to do one thing and in practice do the opposite. "But that would be a lie," exclaimed the Englishman; and, as Silone describes it, "Loud laughter greeted this ingenuous objection, frank, cordial, interminable laughter, the like of which the gloomy offices of the Communist International had perhaps never heard before." This storm of cynical guffaws became for Silone the symbol of the Comintern.

Koestler describes in his witty and penetrating way the intellectual life in Berlin when he joined the Party in 1931; then his year in the Soviet Union, with the first tremors of doubt; then Paris and Spain, where his experience as a prisoner of Franco gave him a new sense of the value of human life and in the end liberated him from the hypnosis of Communism. Wright gives a forthright and brutal picture of the petty domination and idiotic manipulation of the American Communists. Gide, Fischer, and Spender, whose relations to the Party were more remote (Spender only lasted a few weeks in the Party), supply added testimony of the potency of the Communist dream for the disoriented intellectual. Richard Crossman contributes a brisk and intelligent introduction with the slight superiority of a Socialist who never fell for the Communist nonsense.

Communism has been the most tragic deception of our age. Fascism, the frank denial of the good, took in only the desperate and the depraved; but Communism, in Niebuhr's phrase, is something worse, a corruption of the good, making an insidious and powerful appeal to men of good will. Yet in the end genuine men of good will are bound, like the contributors to "The God That Failed," to rediscover through bitter experience that sense of the preciousness of the human personality which Communism excludes. Silone quotes his recent remark to his former comrade Togliatti: "The final struggle will be between the Communists and the ex-Communists." Whether Silone's prediction is accurate, it is certainly true that the ex-Communist has a unique and urgent understanding of the nature of the Communist threat to decency and freedom. That is why "The God That Failed" should be compulsory reading for those American doughfaces who still, where the USSR is concerned, persist in finding virtue in despotism and brotherhood in slavery.

Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler, Richard Wright—"an insidious and powerful appeal."



Interfoto. *—Bachrach.*

André Gide, Louis Fischer, Stephen Spender—"testimony of the potency of the dream."

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Today's Leaders . . .

MEN WHO MAKE YOUR WORLD. By Members of the Overseas Press Club of America. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 319 pp. $3.50.

By James M. Minifie

THIS book is more attractive than its title. The editorial committee, beset by the usual difficulties of choice, limited the field to persons in public affairs, although it recognized that a century hence Prokofiev or Picasso might be credited with having had much more to do with the making of our world than perhaps Reuther or Hoffman. The committee disclaims any intention of selecting the men most likely to achieve immortality, "an engaging pastime but one best left to posterity."

"Our purpose has been to paint a picture of this maladjusted world through the character and achievement of its leaders," John Barkham, spokesman of the editorial committee, points out.

Hence we get thumbnails of Stalin and Attlee, Oppenheimer and Truman, Thorez and Churchill, Franco and Nehru, among others. Incidentally, the names of the Pope and General Smuts were among those which came closest to winning unanimous nomination from the hundreds of correspondents polled.

The committee selected its authors, and having done so left them to deal with their subjects in their own way and their own style. Thus it avoided the dreary monotony which the heavy editorial hand is too apt to produce in the name of "removing inequalities of style." The styles are varied, the syntax at times idiosyncratic, but the pieces are all lively reading, authoritative, informative.

The choice of subject and writer has often been unusually happy, as witness Stephen White's piece on J. Robert Oppenheimer, Richard Mowrer on King Abdullah, and Herbert Matthews on Winston Churchill.

Mr. White insists that without Dr. Oppenheimer in charge of Los Alamos it is probable that there would have been no atom bomb. According to Mr. White, the contributions Dr. Oppenheimer made to the bomb itself as a physical machine must always be considered secondary to the social function he played at Los Alamos, where every sort of complication had to be dealt with. Similarly, his influence was strong in the determination of postwar atomic policy, and Mr. White shows in some detail how

the split in ideas developed. This is important for our understanding of the present international position, for, as Mr. White says, "The Los Alamos discussions have become the essentials of the East-West division; they created the stand that the United States finally decided upon, and their general unacceptability to the Russians has been a large factor in dividing the world."

In a book of this nature a reviewer cannot do much more than pick out unrelated items as samples of the fare. A note on Russian plain-clothes men enlivens Walter Cronkite's portrait of the sinister Beria, now in charge of Russia's atomic-energy program:

> They have that cop look that old police reporters, second-story men, and other assorted bums can identify in any nation in the world. There is a certain way they wear their clothes. Their hats have a certain cardboard appearance—from too many nights standing in rainy doorways, perhaps. Their overcoats have the snappy cut of a well-built coffin. And their suits look like they had been borrowed from a smaller, unemployed and insomniac brother — except the seat of the pants, where they are likely to look like they were tailored for some giant yet unborn.

. . . and Prophets

NEW COMPASS OF THE WORLD. Edited by Hans W. Weigert, V. Stefansson, and R. E. Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co. 375 pp. $5.50.

By Howard A. Meyerhoff

THE editors of this volume seem to cherish the popular fallacy that the compass is an instrument which will guide the wayfarer to his destination. But how does it profit a wanderer to know all the points of the compass if he knows not what lies in any one direction or if he knows not whither he is going? The reader of this volume is likely to close it convinced that a divining rod would be much more useful.

Perhaps this situation is less a reflection on the book than on the times in which we live. For only the few who are steeped in the Communist faith think they know where they are going—the rest of the world rushes madly but aimlessly about locking stable doors after the faithful have taken the horses to get to their destination.

Messrs. Weigert, Stefansson, and Harrison have assembled twenty-three articles by nineteen different authors, and within the limits of 375 pages it has been a superhuman task for human editors to keep them headed in the same direction. Inevitably the twenty-three parts are uneven, in many instances because the task assigned to individual authors was too large for the space available, though rarely because the authors selected lack the competence to deal with their subjects. Possibly the selection was made with too much care, for the book has a strong flavor of geopolitics and a pervading atmosphere of gloom that comes straight from Neo-Malthusian prophets of doom.

The volume is arranged into five chapters, each of which deals with a burning problem, though not always with penetration. The chapter on "Strategic Areas and Life Lines" leads nowhere, and the space it consumes might better have been allocated to the other subjects. The USSR is given an entire chapter of ninety-two pages, but, as in our current political thinking, the Soviet Union casts a shadow over the entire book.

The opening section of Chapter One on the Arctic and Antarctic discusses Soviet conquest of its great Arctic and sub-Arctic domain, while the two ensuing sections indicate that

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 823)

RICHARD CHASE:

HERMAN MELVILLE (A Critical Study)

In everything Melville wrote before "Moby Dick," spiritual autobiography is so closely interwoven with the discovery of theme and symbol that it has to be treated as a gallery of portraits of the young man . . . no definitive portrait.

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Canada—and, by implication, the United States—cannot yet claim actual occupancy and use of Northern North America.

The editors have made the blunder, so common among political geographers, of allotting little space to resources and economic potential; but a few of the authors, notably George B. Cressey, who wrote the section on "China's Prospects," have shown that world problems cannot be viewed whole if approached from political, ethnographic, and demographic standpoints. Indeed, many of the problems lie in the latter fields, whereas the solutions must be sought in the economic field.

For lack of adequate treatment of Russia's economic potential, the otherwise significant chapter on the USSR does not achieve any recognizable goal, and the same must be said, though more emphatically, about the third chapter on "New Frontiers in Central Europe."

Except for its hysterical concluding section, the fifth chapter, dealing with Asia, deserves careful reading and contemplation. Even Owen Lattimore's philosophical treatment of "Inner Asian Frontiers," though out of harmony with the other sections, brings the crowding of Southern and Eastern Asia into sharp relief by contrast with the open spaces of the so-called Heartland. The inadequacy of G. C. L. Bertram's section on biological resources likewise points up the problems of overpopulation and of rapid population increase. The grim fact of too many people struggling for a meager living in too constricted a segment of the Eastern Hemisphere is actually a more serious world problem than the clash in ideologies, with which it is becoming hopelessly involved, especially in China.

To date the situation has done little more than resuscitate the Neo-Malthusian school of thought. As for action, Will Rogers's dictum regarding a Commission applies only too accurately: "A Commission is a group of important people who individually can do nothing but who collectively can decide that nothing can be done." Birth control is not a solution but a way of life which must be slowly acquired. Meanwhile, a billion people must wrest a living from the land and from such other resources as can be put to effective use.

Howard A. Meyerhoff, administrative secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, wrote "The Geology of Puerto Rico" and is joint author of "The Flow of Time in the Connecticut Valley."

Fiction.

To readers who are not aware of her two autobiographical books about her own famous family Daphne du Maurier is known only as a writer of immensely popular and satisfying romances. Her latest novel, "The Parasites," will reveal to anyone that she has more significant literary gifts, for she has taken her youthful memories of the Du Mauriers and their devotees and has transformed them into a sharply brilliant and moving story of three young people who have each inherited a single gift from the full-fledged genius of their parents. One of our reviewers this week takes Catherine Hubbell to task for her novel "Frances," in which this popular writer turns back the years and resurrects a typical Michael Arlen, doomed heroine. Cleveland Amory's "Home Town" comes from the other side of the literary tracks. It is an amusingly satirical novel exposing the noisy devices used by the publishers' publicity boys to put over a small-town novel whose author refuses to be seduced by the tricks of the big city.

Trio of Talented Brats

THE PARASITES. By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday & Co. 305 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THE more charming and emotionally disturbing a novel is the more difficult it is to appraise it with a speculative eye and to measure its value as a contribution to modern literature. Daphne du Maurier's "The Parasites" cannot be weighed on literary scales against her prodigiously successful "Rebecca" or her historical romances. These well-known and continuously readable books were the product of a born story-teller, a mature writer who had developed a simple and persuasive style which gave reality and life to melodrama when violence became necessary to her plots. "The Parasites" belongs to another and truer self; to the writer who is the granddaughter of George du Maurier, and the daughter of Gerald, once one of England's greatest actors, the product of a family talented in the arts, in literature, and the theatre.

—*Dorothy Wilding.*

Daphne du Maurier—"'The Parasites' belongs to another and truer self."

It is a painful experience to be the daughter and last member of such a tribe, as anyone can see who reads between the lines of two earlier books, "Gerald, a Portrait," and "The Du Mauriers." This early association with genius creates the background of "The Parasites," a novel about the three children of a dancer and a singer who for years captured and enslaved the audiences of England and Europe. Each child was endowed with a single gift: Maria, the actress; Niall, the songwriter, and Celia, whose less spectacular gifts turned to writing stories. They were brought up together and as children knew the theatre, hotel bedrooms, and cafés of half the Continent, an undisciplined trio of talented brats, the terror of theatre managers and hotel keepers. At eighteen Niall ran away to Paris with a friend of his father, a woman old enough to be his mother. There he was to learn that his love for music was directed by a perverse imp who forced him to write catchy tunes and songs which brought him money he did not want, and forbade him the concertos and sonatas of which he dreamed. Maria, endowed with fragile beauty and grace, took the Haymarket Theatre by storm when she was twenty-one and became an actress who never knew whether her gifts were worthy of the adulation which surrounded her. Celia was the comfortable one, destined to be her father's slave in his last years, when

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the old lion's voice was tamed and he began to drink.

The heart of the book and its real tragedy centers in Maria and Niall for they loved and understood each other's incomplete natures and thus could not give love to other human beings. Maria married the son of a wealthy and titled country family, and the scene of their undoing is in his old country house on the day in which her clearheaded husband finally casts from his mind the false illusions, the pale glamour which had led him to unite his distinguished blood with a child of genius. Suddenly on this dark day he turned on them and, before he left them to their thoughts, called them parasites.

"That's what you are," he said. "You always have been and you always will be. First because you have traded ever since childhood on that seed of talent you had the luck to inherit from your fantastic forebears; secondly, because you have never done a stroke of honest work in your lives, but fatten on us, the fool public who allow you to exist, and, thirdly, because you prey upon each other, the three of you, living in a world of fantasy that you have created for yourselves and which bears no relation to anything in heaven and earth."

During the hours before they meet again the story of these three parasites weaves its course backwards and forwards from memories of their dead parents, to their childhood, and then to their final dilemma.

"The Parasites" is a novel that will inevitably be popular for it captures and dissects the youthful but persistent dream of so many untalented people: the fantasy that they will be able to win the admiration of the world somehow by writing or acting or painting or singing or dancing. It is always difficult in a novel to create a belief in characters who are brilliantly accomplished. In this case the author is dealing with three remarkably gifted people and two full-fledged and guaranteed geniuses. There are not more than four or five novelists in all England who could have succeeded as well as has Daphne du Maurier in giving them all the breath of life.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

A VICTORIAN POET (1809-1892)

After identifying the fourteen well-known literary characters briefly described below, print their names in the spaces just above the description. The initial letters of the characters' names will spell the name of a famous Victorian poet. Allowing thirty points for the name of the poet and five points for each character identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. _
She was the second wife of David Copperfield.
2. _
This gentle moron carried dead mice in his pockets.
3. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
She was Bluebeard's seventh wife.
4. _
He offered to trade a kingdom for a horse.
5. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
She was known as the lily maid of Astolat.
6. _
This celebrated highwayman had a mare named Black Bess.
7. _
"God bless us, every one!" exclaimed this little crippled boy.
8. _
He became known as the Count of Monte Cristo.
9. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
She was a blind flower seller in Pompeii.
10. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
He was the oldest and wisest of the Greeks.
11. _
He founded the first newspaper in the Oklahoma Territory.
12. _
This detective lived at 221-B Baker Street, London.
13. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
Wife of Wang Lung, in "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck.
14. _
When he saw his reflection in a pool, he fell in love with himself.

Doomed Golden Girl

FRANCES. By Catherine Hubbell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 299 pp. $3.

By Evelyn Eaton

WITH everything retrogressing the way it is toward the Twenties, it is inevitable, I suppose, that we should get a "Green Hat." It comes in the shape of a first novel by a writer "widely published in national magazines," who has also made the O. Henry Memorial Award Collection with a story. Its similarities to its forerunner are not obvious at first. "The Green Hat" gave us no account of the heroine's childhood, no dominant-mother complex, no brooding house of hate with a father's suicide, no stolid, unloved, plain little girl growing up unhappily with a passion for the-older-man-who-would-not-wait. This childhood is the best part of the book.

It is only when the date reaches the Thirties that we get the familiar pattern of Golden Girl mysteriously doomed to destruction and waste, moving through a haze of indefinite suffering in the arms and minds of men. As a Green Hat Heroine she has enough money to have no truck with anything like the first of the month and enough time never to have to think of anything that has to be done at any given time. As a Green Hat Heroine who would have been called in Edwardian days a Tragedy-Queen, her world is the world of Everyday Histrionics which Mr. Steig depicts in *The New Yorker*. Frances existed to go around exuding a golden glow of Viking health, which made all women uneasy and all men desirous and which was never impaired by heavy drinking. (Until she broke down one night that she couldn't get her doom, and was hauled to an institution where she did look blank and even a little pale. The temporary loss of the golden glow caused the man who caused the breakdown to break down himself and weep in the waiting room. This, one reminds oneself, was 1943, a year of some reality in sufferings.)

Miss Hubbell writes too well to put on that Green Hat. She is a competent craftsman; her backgrounds, her descriptions, her dialogue, her evocations of the sights and sounds of contemporary New York are credible and excellent. It is exasperating then that she should choose to devote her talent to the apotheosis of the spurious, to join the dreary devotees (whom we had begun to hope were a little dated) of futility, frustration, golden girls, neurotic dooms, and what we used to call Rrrrrussian suffering.

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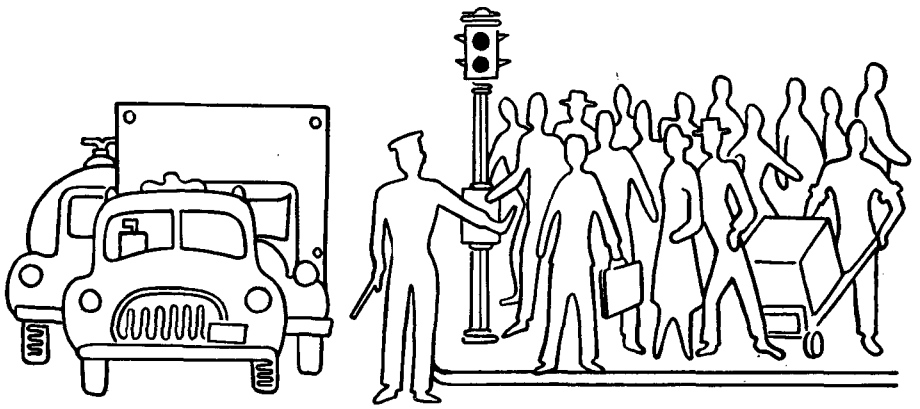

Nature Boy with Book

HOME TOWN. By Cleveland Amory. New York: Harper & Bros. 310 pp. $3.

By John Brooks

TAKE a newspaperman from a small town in Arizona, have him write a book and get it published, then bring him to New York and put him through the hoops—cocktail parties, ladies' clubs, radio and television appearances, and the rest of it. What have you got? A much-told tale, certainly. But a good raconteur can take an old one and do wonders with it, even though the audience has heard it before, and so Mr. Amory has told this old one with an antic wit that makes his book good company.

His hero, Mitchell Hickok, lives in no ordinary home town. Copper City is situated on the side of a hill so steep that people's addresses are designated by the level they live at (Hickok lives at the 600 Level), and the whole town is gradually slipping downhill, with the jail, as near as I could make out, slightly in the lead. Such facts are, of course, a source of never-ending astonishment to the people Hickok meets when he is finally lured to New York—a tired but good-natured publishers' publicity man, whose favorite word is "great," a hot-shot, big-time publicity man, whose favorite phrase is "the hell you say," and a handsome girl, whose favorite expression is "oh, fine." The two publicity men are trying to put Hickok over in a big way, in order to sell his book, and the girl, eventually and after her fashion, falls in love with him. But Hickok isn't having any of the fancy blandishments of the big city. He remains Nature Boy to the end, and what's more, his book has a very satisfactory sale into the bargain.

If there is any serious purpose lurking beneath the surface of this narrative, it eluded me. There isn't anyone in the book whom you could possibly dislike or, for that matter, care very much about. The essential facts are that the hoop-la attendant upon publication of some books can be quite funny and that Mr. Amory at times can be a very funny man. In spite of some lapses into the mere gag and a primer that sometimes becomes a nuisance, he has written a light novel that is at least 60 per cent delightful, and that is no mean figure.

The things that get "Home Town" up out of the class of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" or "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" are chiefly the author's good ear for the ridiculous in conversation and his wonderful touch with imaginary source material—letters, questionnaires, lists, signs, and outrageous poems. Mr. Amory's humor can't hit a barn door like television, but it can wing a passing cliché no bigger than the end of your thumb. Take, for example, the high-powered publicity man quoting a best-selling novelist friend of his: "'Hell, Les, if you're going to write a classic you've got to get close to the earth. There's strength from the damn ground!'" As to the lists, etc., the book bristles with them and the author's delight in them is infectious. It is all too easy to overdo that sort of satire and equally easy to underdo it and leave it flat. Mr. Amory seldom errs either way. The song of the Federated Women's Club of Sidonia, New Jersey (to the tune of "Jingle Bells," and quite singable, too) is as atrocious a bit of verse as you're likely to find between hard covers this year. This, in short, is a book that a lot of lit'ry folk would do well to treat in a manner which (according to the dope I get from "Home Town") is very exceptional for them. They might actually read it.

John Brooks is author of "The Big Wheel," a recent novel of New York publishing life.

Fiction Notes

THE THREE WISHES OF JAMIE McRUIN, by Charles O'Neal. Julian Messner. $2.75. On a dark night in the year 1895 Jamie McRuin and his cousin Owen Roe Tavish stole the mourners' offering from their own wake and fled from the West of Ireland to the South of the United States. In Georgia they joined a group of itinerant Celtic horse-traders, descendants of tinkers exiled to America by the potato famine of 1840. Jamie appropriated the affections of a tinker's daughter who was promised to another, married her, and made a small fortune for himself by selling broken-down mules to the Government during the Spanish-American War. Tavish, with the aid of a priest and without benefit of legal procedure, adopted the small son of a shiftless farmer and offered the boy to the Church as atonement for his great sin—he was a "spoiled" priest who had fallen in love with pagan learning and deserted from the seminary. Because a fairy queen gave Jamie three wishes everything, in the end, turned out well.

As a novel, this book, which received one of the Christopher Awards, given for "books of high literary merit reflecting Christian values," is a mildly entertaining, capably written example of what the publishing world calls "light fiction." As a Christopher Award, on the other hand, it is an interesting, at times fascinating document since it represents what five American Catholics—Myles Connolly, Father John S. Kennedy, Clare Boothe Luce, Fulton Oursler, and Mary O'Hara—consider to be an outstanding example of Christian literature. As literature it has no value whatsoever, and its author would no doubt be the first to admit this; his object was to entertain, and in this he was successful; the wake scene, with the "dead" men (supposedly drowned) looking in through the window, is good comedy, and Tavish, throughout the book, is an amusing and human character. But the Christophers do Mr. O'Neal a disservice in hanging the implication of genius around his neck.

—Thomas Sugrue.

THE LONELY, by Paul Gallico. Knopf. $2.50. Paul Gallico has a head for plots, and a facile pen. The combination is an irresistible one as far as the hypothetical average reader is concerned. The gift of telling a story is too often derided; none the less it's a gift, if without profundity in Mr. Gallico's case. In "The Lonely" he describes the predicament of a young

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Belles-Lettres.

Two Victorian worthies and two of the first Americans listened to widely abroad are the subjects of the new literary biographies discussed below. The legend that has arisen around Dante Gabriel Rossetti is skilfully dispelled in Oswald Doughty's study of the great Pre-Raphaelite painter and poet. Charles Kingsley is known to most moderns merely as the author of "The Water Babies"; in her new biography Una Pope-Hennessy portrays him as a man whose penchant for all sorts of causes dissipated his great artistic gifts. The books about our native writers are both additions to the excellent American Men of Letters Series. James Grossman's is a lawyer's book, one that should terminate the debate as to whether James Fenimore Cooper was primarily a romancer or a social critic. Perry Miller's volume "Jonathan Edwards" sees this eighteenth-century Puritan divine as an artist in ideas, a world figure.

Our First "Voice of America"

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. By James Grossman. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 286 *pp.* $3.50.

By Robert E. Spiller

IT WAS admirable editorial wisdom that assigned Cooper to a literary lawyer for the new biography in the American Men of Letters Series. The writer of romances of sea and forest was himself an amateur lawyer, and all of his work is in part motivated by legalistic thinking. Until now the efforts of biographers, including myself, to deal with concepts of property law, of libel, and of individual rights in a democracy have been inconclusive and unsatisfactory because of insufficient technical knowledge.

James Grossman combines a love of Cooper's novels with this knowledge. He has written the one biography of Cooper which most needed writing. It, more than any other book on the subject, makes the spontaneous romancer and the irascible critic of American society seem one person. A reader of Cooper for the sheer joy of the story, Mr. Grossman also understands the curious mixture of hurt pride and humanitarian idealism that turned a brilliant and accidental success into a dismal and inevitable decline. Fenimore Cooper emerges from this sympathetic and wise critical analysis as a whole man and takes his place as the first American writer to achieve international acclaim for purely American work. The debate between those who see him as romancer and those who see him as social critic can be declared at an end.

Cooper was challenged to become a writer by appeals to his pride and his patriotism. He, like Whitman, wished to give America a literature because he thought she needed one. Writing and reading were to him forms of action, means of participation in life rather than retreats from it. He was firmly convinced that his countrymen had slipped from their first fine vision of the good life, that American facts were not keeping pace with American opinions nor opinions with facts, that Europeans understood neither American facts nor American opinions, and that he had been specially appointed to set everyone straight about everything. Our first "Voice of America," he still is our best spokesman in many European countries, especially in Russia, and we have produced no writer of historical romance more vital (though his style always was awkward and now is dated), no critic of our political and social ideals more provokingly right because so naive.

Technically, Mr. Grossman's special contribution is his realization that in both life and writing Cooper's primary motivation lay in the law of property and the concepts of liberty that may be built upon it. When the Declaration of Independence altered the familiar phrase "life, liberty, and property," to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," it created the division in our social thinking which has haunted us ever since. Cooper saw this as a national and moral problem because his childhood had been spent as a part of the peopling of a wilderness from which the Indians had been dispossessed. He wrote wild tales of sea and woods, as well as tracts and allegories, to prove that the American had learned how to reconcile a "stake in society" with the ideal of personal liberty. This is not a "literary" impulse, but it helped to produce our first native literature.

—*A. Rosenstein.*

James Grossman—"refusal to be really mean or complicated."

In broader terms, Mr. Grossman's treatment is a study of what moral vitality can accomplish in a man's personal and public life, in his art, and finally in his religion. He sees Cooper first and always as the teller of tales and the creator of characters. The legal and moral frames of reference are there only to provide unity for the interpretation. They accomplish this because Cooper himself thought of life primarily in legal and moral terms. Natty Bumppo emerges from this interpretation as magnificently inconsistent as human nature, a man who lives the American legend of the solitary that "can turn the wilderness into a salon," a convincingly real person because the primitive forest is for him an "inviolable retreat from the pressure of reality" and at the same time the only place where life can be wholly lived. Similarly, Miles Wallingford, of the neglected but delightful "Afloat and Ashore," becomes one of Cooper's best characters because he is most like Cooper himself, a "gossiping old man" who can blend remembered adventure with present comment on the state of American civilization and make both interesting.

As might be expected, Mr. Grossman says most new things about the less exciting novels like "The Monikins," "Home as Found," "The Crater," and "The Redskins" because here his special knowledge and his warm but unprejudiced critical insight have full play, but even here he never loses sight of Cooper the writer of romance. In the end it is the honesty and directness, the refusal to be really mean or complicated on both their parts that makes this book a near perfect meeting of author and critic. This sensitive and mild-mannered lawyer has put its incongruities in order because he loves his subject. How anyone could love the prickly Cooper may be hard for some to see. Such people should read this biography.

Robert E. Spiller is author of "Fenimore Cooper: Critic of His Times," and other books.

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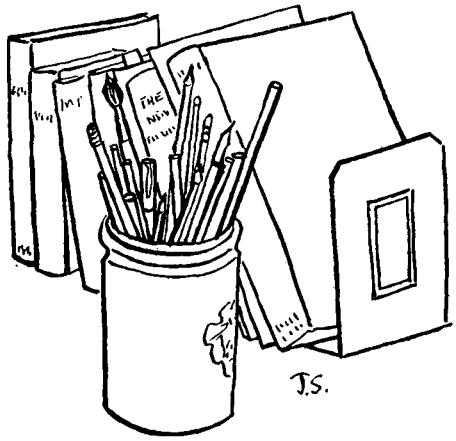
Pre-Raphaelite Legend

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: A Victorian Romantic. By Oswald Doughty. New Haven: Yale University Press. 712 pp. $10.

By Douglas Grant

THE Rossetti Legend can be described best in the old form of "hints to a painter": "The figure should be posed in the foreground, where the light can pick out the domed forehead and the mobile, drug-darkened eyes, and flow down the clumsy body; peacocks with spread tails should parade round his feet; a swan-necked queen should be caught in the act of gliding from the surrounding darkness towards him; and —let not this be missed—the figures opening Elizabeth Siddal's grave, to recover the poems that lie entangled in her hair, should be seen, lit by the flamelight of a macabre fire, through a distant arch."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the drama of this legend—it is so strange, morbid, and unworldly—, which began to be told while the subject was still alive. Rossetti's refusal to exhibit his paintings publicly; his withdrawal into the fantastic seclusion of the house in Cheyne Walk; the romantic stories told about his liaison with Lizzie Siddal; the foreign passion and voluptuous imagery of his poetry; the fascination of his beautiful, resonant voice; the hypnotic effect of his character upon talented disciples, who spread his fame; all this and much more helped the legend



to grow. The legend, however, has assumed impossible proportions through the unfortunate practices of modern biography. It was found to be an admirable display ground for otherwise unemployed talent, but—though the peacocks occasionally gave place to an Indian bull or a kangaroo, and the queen changed the color of her hair from auburn to jet—whoever handled it, it remained essentially the same. The continued sameness made it dull. A pity, because Rossetti is, in spite of the unchanging pose he has been made to adopt, a compelling character, a considerable if not a great poet, an interesting if not a brilliant painter, and a significant if not a fundamental influence upon both art and literature.

At last, Professor Oswald Doughty has written the biography which the subject deserves. The legend in this work gives way to facts and, through the gradual accumulation and skilful arrangement of relevant and extremely interesting information, Rossetti comes to life—steps out of the confining frame and moves freely about. Perhaps Professor Doughty's greatest achievement is to see Rossetti's career in its proper perspective. He himself says that earlier biographers have hardly shown interest in the years after the death of Lizzie Siddal in 1862—though much of Rossetti's best work in both fields was accomplished after that date; but his own narrative, brilliantly handling such difficult problems as Rossetti's relations with Jane Morris, traces the life with equal stress from birth to tragic decline. He also gives what no other critic has fairly attempted, a thorough analysis of Rossetti's verse and a correct estimate of his position in the Pre-Raphaelite movement. At times, it is true, the narrative blurs and a hesitancy invades the analysis, but generally the work is a remarkable success. Professor Doughty has re-established Rossetti's reputation and future biographers—a lucky result!—will no longer be able to palm off the "legend" on us as a "life."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 342

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 342 will be found in the next issue.

NJHZ KZJKGZ VMZ NJ

AJIY JA DGG-GPXF

OCVO OCZT MPI CVGA-

RVT OJ HZZO DO.

—YJPBGVN EZMMJGY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 341

One always begins to forgive a place as soon as it's left behind.
—C. Dickens.

Artist in Ideals

JONATHAN EDWARDS. By Perry Miller. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 348 pp. $3.50.

By Thomas H. Johnson

IT HAS required the passage of two centuries to establish Edwards's place in history, and this generation is far enough removed from preconceptions, thanks to such a work as Mr. Miller's present study, to see the reason why. Edwards's doctrines often seemed peculiar. On the level of theology he was out of step with what was commonly thought to be a growing "liberalism." He used a scientific psychology to probe the riddle of existence and to attack rationalism and skepticism and the idea of progress in an Age of Enlightenment. His philosophy, in the systems expounded by his adherents, petrified into dogma and splintered into factions and schools. His insistence on the validity of sensation was distorted by later revivalists into a technique for manipulating mass hysteria.

Finally there was Edwards's own personality. He was autocratic and unbending. The preacher who discoursed on the society of man with utmost acumen could be a pastor egregiously blind to the lesser but necessary protocol which helps keep order in a community of men and women and children. The walking embodiment of the pure intellectual or, as Emerson would say, "man thinking," he was capable of setting forth the preposterous nonsense that the millennium was at hand and that Northampton, Mass., could be momently expected to type the New Jerusalem. As an administrator his concept of principle never allowed the word expediency a place in his vocabulary.

Thus all his life Edwards was a center of the contentiousness which he abhorred and continually stirred up. But it is a mark of the steadiness of his insight that he knew his weaknesses for what they were. Mr. Miller sums up the dilemma of Edwards in a sentence describing Edwards's "Nature of True Virtue," one of the great essays of our literature: "Man lives on the plane both of the objective good and of the inherent, not because he is both body and soul, but because he is one being, and the law of his life is that he must perceive things, yet as he perceives them, so they are and so he is." And so thus, Edwards knew, was he.

As all teachers and students of literature know, nothing is easier than to feel a willing enthusiasm for the

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art and mind of Franklin, nothing more difficult to evoke than a comparable emotion toward Edwards. The reasons for the contrast, though commonplace, are inevitable. At no point in his writing or thinking can Edwards be simplified, for the medium of his art was the whole body of divinity, and the end in view an interpretation of eternal truths. It is immensely to the credit of this biography that no simplification is attempted. Miller sets himself the task of orienting the mind of a genius to its historical setting, and this latest addition to the American Men of Letters Series does just that. It presents Edwards as an explorer of intelligible meanings, an aristocrat who emphasized the place of the common man in the scheme of things, a commentator on the American society whose destiny he helped to shape. The search took Edwards, in Miller's words, "step by step, through an inexorable development hardly to be paralleled in the eighteenth century, to a realization that makes him intellectually the most modern man of his age: the heart of the problem is history."

No historian of the New England mind has ever penetrated so deeply as Miller, or with defter, more sympathetic pains. He understands the currents of European thought that gave that mind viability. In this book Edwards's idealism, his probing of the will and of sin, are definitively analyzed and fitted into an historical context that links the past with the present. The story centers upon the mind and thought of Edwards, and the external biography is largely gathered into four brief interchapters. Thus the personal successes and delights, frustrations and defeats, the feuds and anxieties serve as reference background, or illustrate Edwards's withdrawal into himself. Such representation lacks immediacy. Because the spirituality, the pervasive humanity, the tragedy of Jonathan Edwards are disembodied, the portraiture is shadowy. But for the first time it may be said that Edwards, the artist working with ideas, emerges as a world figure.

Thomas H. Johnson is a member of the faculty of The Lawrenceville School and one of the editors of "The Literary History of the United States."

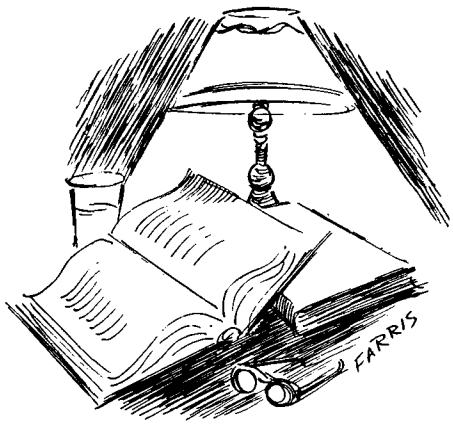
LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Agnes Wickfield. 2. Lennie Small. 3. Fatima. 4. Richard III. 5. Elaine. 6. Dick Turpin. 7. Tiny Tim. 8. Edmond Dantes. 9. Nydia. 10. Nestor. 11. Yancey Cravat. 12. Sherlock Holmes. 13. Olan. 14. Narcissus. VICTORIAN POET: Alfred Tennyson.

The Writer of "The Water Babies"

CANON CHARLES KINGSLEY. By Una Pope-Hennessy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 294 pp. $3.

By James Gray



CHARLES KINGSLEY, who is identified in an encyclopedia for young people simply as the author of "one of the most fascinating stories for children ever written, 'The Water Babies,'" has dwindled in the estimation even of many reasonably well-informed people to little more than this. To rescue a once eminent Victorian from the threat of almost total eclipse, a half-reluctant admirer, Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, has written this account of his career which puts events clearly in order but which leaves interpretation still clouded.

To his own generation Kingsley seemed to be a formidable person indeed: preacher, professor, reformer, propagandist for a variety of causes, novelist, balladist, naturalist. Yet there was little of exuberance or ease to this lavish display of the experimental spirit. Kingsley's life was a long succession of moral crises in which his sense of responsibility always was quite desperately engaged. He championed the rights of the underprivileged to schooling, sanitary living conditions, and a humane program of work. To set forth his ideas he invented the kind of novel to which a century later the description proletarian was given. Yet his early devotion to Chartism was no more spontaneously sincere than was his later obsession with the cause of British imperialism in the time of the Crimean War and the Indian mutinies. He was not a man who cunningly blew hot and cold in a single cause but one who blew uninterruptedly hot in the service of a great many contradictory causes, each of which seemed to him, at the moment, worthy of his most ardent effort.

To disentangle this knot of neurotic confusions it would be necessary, probably, to make an intimate study of Kingsley's boyhood, during which time he persistently set himself to the heroic accomplishment of the nearly impossible. He overcame a serious stutter well enough so that most of his mature life could be spent on the lecture platform. Under the influence of a dominating older woman, who was later to be his wife, he overcame his youthful skepticism so that he was able to occupy the pulpit, innocent of the corrupting inner fear of hypocrisy. But between the urgent impulse after freedom of spirit that made him a lifelong lover of Rabelais and the devotion to authority that made him Queen Victoria's favorite clergyman a unifying principle for his career was lost.

In nothing could he be said to have achieved distinction of the first order. Carlyle called his novels crude in design. His colleagues at Cambridge thought his method of teaching history well over the edge of silliness. Dame Una believes that his book "Alton Locke" should be read by everyone who wishes to understand the Victorian Age, and it is as a kind of embodiment of the spirit of the time that she bespeaks for him the attention of another day. Kingsley, for all his curious variety of gifts, was no dilettante. Rather, he was the chronic amateur of causes—always eager, always profoundly convinced of the idea that animated him at the moment, but never quite expert.

The most tragically revealing moment of all his life was one that he tried to regard as trivial. In a review he loosely and irrelevantly charged Cardinal Newman with having taught that truth is not in itself sacred. This Dr. Newman, of course, gracefully but firmly denied. A series of exchanges between the two clergymen drew Kingsley ever deeper and deeper into Newman's shadow until in the end he was quite pitifully dwarfed. The controversy prompted the Cardinal to write his great "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." Of the duel and the book a contemporary reviewer wrote: "Charles Kingsley goes down in history as the embedded fly in the clear amber of his antagonist's apology."

Dame Una has extracted this fly and shown it has its own wonder. But for all the patient persistence that she brings to the task of marshaling facts in proper order and despite the comfortably homely insight that runs on a superficial level through the study, the mystery eludes her. If we are to believe Lytton Strachey, Newman

(*Continued on page* 25)

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The Pearls of Publishing

Deserving Books of 1949: Part IV

A NEWCOMER claims a place in the small group of books proposed more than once and a novel increases its lead over all other volumes nominated in *SRL*'s poll of publishers to discover neglected but deserving works published during 1949, on the basis of the latest tabulation of ballots. Apparently there is some magic in the word "golden," for the newcomer is "The Golden Apples" and the novel which augments its lead is "The Golden Warrior."

The sixty-three ballots tabulated thus far name ninety-two different books. Only eleven books have been named by more than one publisher:

"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz (Scribner's), five votes.

"Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt), three votes.

"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster (Harcourt), two votes.

"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty (Harcourt), two votes.

"Last of the Conquerors," by William Gardner Smith (Farrar, Straus), two votes.

"The Man Who Carved Women from Wood," by Max White (Harper), two votes.

"Napoleon: For and Against," by Pieter Geyl (Yale), two votes.

"The Pilgrimage of Western Man," by Stringfellow Barr (Harcourt), two votes.

"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Viking), two votes.

"Two Worlds and Their Ways," by Ivy Compton-Burnett (Knopf), two votes.

"The Witness," by Jean Bloch-Michel (Pantheon), two votes.

In case you came in late, you will be interested in the background of the balloting (*SRL*, Nov. 19, 26, Dec. 17). *SRL* invited leading publishers to nominate two deserving but insufficiently appreciated books issued during the past year—one published by their own house, one by another firm. They need not have been "flops." They might have received excellent reviews and good sales, but still have failed for some reason to receive the public response they merited. In an early issue *SRL* will publish the last group of publishers' nominations with a final tabulation of the poll.

In the nominations printed below, the phrase "published by us" is used to indicate the house with which the person making the nominations is associated. —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Published by us: "The Lily and the Leopards," a historical novel by Alice Harwood, received excellent reviews, was well advertised, and had a good sale but not the sale we believe it deserves. "The Lily and the Leopards" is an unusual and fine historical novel deserving of long life.

Published by Pantheon Books: "Sketch for a Self Portrait," by Bernard Berenson, received very fine reviews. It is a perceptive book, fascinating reading, an unusual contribution. Yet I am wondering whether or not it had the over-all impact it deserved. It should be read by many.

JOHN L. B. WILLIAMS,
BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

Published by us: Praised in England by the official press as well as the unofficial press — Shaw, Coward, and their company—, well reviewed here, "Shakespeare," by Ivor Brown, has sold less than 2,500 copies. The conviction expressed in this book that Shakespeare lived seems not nearly as interesting as that he may not have lived.

Published by Harper & Bros.: "This I Do Believe," by David Lilienthal, had a fine press but a reported advance sale of only 5,000 copies. This credo of a dedicated American should be read by hundreds of thousands. As citizens we are quick to challenge a public servant, gluttonous in our appetite for reports of malfeasance in office, and almost disinterested in any positive statement by the man himself.

KEN MCCORMICK,
DOUBLEDAY & CO.

Published by us: Robert Christie's "Inherit the Night," a "philosophic" novel, was favorably reviewed and did reasonably well for a first book of fiction by a comparative unknown. Unfortunately, it was published at the beginning of the heat wave and at a time when fiction sales in general were falling off. It received no extra individual attention, with one great exception, on the part of booksellers.

Published by Harcourt, Brace: "The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty, represents probably the most mature work she has done. Billed by its publishers as a novel and loosely tied together as a continuous narrative, the book, however, was considered by most people to be a collection of short stories. And the author's style and approach were at times oblique and a little difficult.

ROGER W. STRAUS,
FARRAR, STRAUS & CO.

Published by us: "The Nine Lives of Citizen Train," by Willis Thornton, is a biography of an outstanding though little-known American whose career was fabulous. A modern Don Quixote —the only man ever to run for dictator of the United States—, he opposed both Grant and Lincoln for the Presidency, built the "Flying Cloud," became the most popular man in pioneer Australia, rubbed elbows with kings and Communists, introduced street cars into England, launched the Credit Mobilier, bought up half of Omaha, raced around the world in eighty days to beat all records, was imprisoned several times and declared a lunatic. And near the end of his life he talked only to children and to birds. When he died more than 2,000 children trudged through a bitter January night to drop flowers on his grave. The *Cleveland Press* called the book "an entertaining and highly biographical por-

(*Continued on page* 26)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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At the Half Century

TIME has written a period in human annals but no new certainty in human affairs. The decade ushered in by war has passed, but the dilemmas, indirections, and complexities of the era still confound the present and confuse the future. Fear rides in men's hearts, and where fear exists creative imagination is atrophied and the near and the immediate, instead of what may lie over the horizon, engross attention. Man's spiritual orbit shrinks in proportion to his lack of faith in his destiny and doubt dissipates the intensity of his determination. The great periods of efflorescence in history rode in on a tide of certainty, on an exhilaration born of sudden discovery of strength, on belief in the unbridled possibilities of the future and the conviction that time cradled hope for humanity. Their mood was far removed from the lackadaisical apathy of the present, its lukewarm reaction to the forewarnings of peril, and its fatalistic attitude toward encompassing events.

The confusion and aimless anxiety reflected throughout society must inevitably weaken support of international affairs, temper the effectiveness of domestic policies, and condition and hamper spiritual and intellectual life. For even though strength may be bred in turmoil, moral purpose comes to its best flowering in tranquillity. And there has, alas, been no tranquillity since World War II, not even so brief a period of confidence as after the First World War lulled men into the belief that the world had been made safe for their highest exertions and that humanity was on the march to noble self-realization. Ever since the outcropping of totalitarianism in Franco's Spain we have lived on the edge of disaster. And if the passage of years and familiarity with the thought of danger have buried the first horrified awareness of impending calamity, there still lurks behind all thought for the future the uneasy suspicion that time may be running out and that man's fate hangs in precarious balance.

Yet how infinitely superior is the lot of America to that of the devastated countries of Europe, where hopelessness and dejection are positive forces instead of as here merely a brake upon the natural optimism of a people undefeated and newly arrived at the pinnacle of world power. The two conflicting currents aswirl in American consciousness today, the knowledge of power actual and implicit, and the realization that in the future victory may no longer rest on the strongest battalions and that economic strength may not be enough to demolish the weak before the weak can destroy the strong, have resulted in an amorphousness of mind which is the last thing mankind can afford in time of crisis. To subside into indifference, or lethargy, or unthinking security, is to court disaster. But still more dangerous is it to lose the buoyant belief which has meant half of America's success in the past—the belief that nothing is unattainable, that evolution is progress, and that man is building toward utopia.

The will to believe is for nations as for individuals the steppingstone to the realization of their aims. The present generation has seen how that will, pervertedly applied, can produce disaster. What it has not seen, what no age has seen, is what might ensue if that same will were to concentrate its full force on the prevention of antagonism and discord. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, / But in ourselves, that we are underlings." Here in a country that has developed the efficiency of advertising to an unsurpassed degree, and which believes wholeheartedly in its efficacy, it is the strangest of anomalies that no way has been found to sell the belief that peace is a realizable goal and war not an inevitable doom. We do better with our nylons and our cigarettes than we do with articles of political and international faith.

IT IS incredible that no means should be devised to dramatize the urgency of the crisis which confronts the nation and the world and to mobilize the will to peace. There is plenty of good will, plenty of passionate longing for a future in which men can live secure of fear, both in this country and in other lands. That they should lie dormant when the mechanism to implement them is at hand —in the United Nations, in the agencies which we have set up all over the world, in movements toward world federation, in the desires of all men— is a challenge which the advertising genius of America should be ashamed to refuse. A half century has gone which has seen human nature panoplied in the will to overthrow evil by war. If the next half century could but turn that same will to the prevention of war there might issue of it an age of universal peace.

—A. L.

Elly Ryan

By William J. Murphy

BIG ED RYAN says "Glory Heaven"
When he fires his shot at the pillar vein;
He stakes his soul on the mission father's saying,
"Advertise your faith, men, and wash away the stain."

But he watches his step on old Slate Mountain
Where the breaches are deeper than Mike Conner's well
That he dug in the strike when the "Staties" galloped
'Til his pick hit a shingle on the roof of Hell

Young Elly Ryan has a fine young Polack
With a gangway back and a dancing heel;
He's not been to church since Easter Sunday,
But he knows how to handle jackhammer steel.

The breaches are deep on old Slate Mountain
Where the two go walking when shadows call;
Far deeper are they than the grave they'll dig him
When they find him under the toprock fall.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Settling the Song Question

SIR: Oscar Hammerstein II (bless his heart) says ["Where the Song Begins," *SRL* Dec. 3] that anyone who can write a good song can "quickly" get it published. Because the song publishers are looking for good songs. And the people who claim that the publishing and songwriting "game" (game?) is a tight ring into which beginners are not permitted are "usually" people with carelessly written manuscripts in their briefcases.

Now, let's settle this question, once and for all.

The way to settle it for sure is for Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Rodgers to write a song and sign my name to it, submit it to the publishers, and see what happens.

I will let them collect the royalties.

But if the publishers reject the song, even refusing to consider it, listen to it, or look at it, then it becomes mine; I'll submit it again, in the name of Rodgers and Hammerstein, and collect the royalties myself. This is fair, I think, and, in the interest of truth, I'm sure Rodgers and Hammerstein will be anxious to try it. I know I am.

TESS HUFF.

Wyandanch, N. Y.

SIR: Oscar Hammerstein says, "I believe that anyone who stated sincerely what was deep in his heart could not only write a song but could quickly get it published because it would be sure to be a good song."

Mr. Hammerstein would have trouble finding defenders for this statement. Publishers always seem to have "full catalogues" for two years in advance. No publisher accepts unsolicited manuscripts by mail. I have never even found one who would listen. Singers and bandleaders are highly unapproachable.

The Writer's Market makes the statement that the best way to have a song published is to have a brother-in-law who is a song publisher. Against a natural desire to succeed I have reluctantly come to accept this statement. Time and again I have seen good songs lost because no one would listen. The process seems too continuous to be circumstantial.

All of which does not seek to diminish the fact that Mr. Hammerstein is a superb librettist and lyricist. However, it does seem that he has traveled too far from the nearest point of anonymity to be able to comment capably on the trials of the unknown songwriter.

RICHARD B. MATHESON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Matheson is right when he speaks of the difficulty an unknown writer encounters in having a song published. It is true that the leading publishers usually have their quota of songs from leading writers which get preference. If you look at the records, however, you will observe that new writers keep coming up and breaking through this wall year after year. I believe this is done only by those who write songs that are actually good enough to attract attention by their own worth.

I have one comment. It is a question. Mr. Matheson says: "Time and again I have seen good songs lost because no one would listen." What good songs, Mr. Matheson?

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Chippendale."

Our Observant Readers

SIR: A second look at your cover for November 19 shows Vannevar Bush making an experiment to refute the law of physics which says that a liquid seeks its own level. The green fluid in the graduate is maintaining a steep and unnatural slant while Dr. Bush regards it with quizzical Yankee satisfaction. The Russians will claim that they did the same thing in 1884, and are now able to run ships downhill for any distance.

PAUL ST.-GAUDENS.

Norwich, Vt.

SIR: Vannevar Bush is bound to become pretty famous as the only man to have overcome gravity in the test tube.

M. THOMPSON.

Kent, O.

Helen Hokinson

SIR: Some three weeks before Helen Hokinson was killed I wrote to her for information about one of her drawings of which the caption was, so far as I can remember, "Ladies, what *will* we do with Germany?" *The New Yorker* had told me it was not theirs; Miss Hokinson said it was "one of my favorites" but failed to tell me when or where it was published. I think she had forgotten!

As John Mason Brown pointed out [SEEING THINGS, *SRL* Dec. 10], Helen Hokinson's (and Mr. Parker's) genius lay in keeping nonsense close to the truth. "Ladies, what *will* we do with Germany?" pictured one of the sizable top-heavy "ladies" we all know so well. As she leaned toward her eager listeners in the familiar bent-forward-from-the-waist pose, she drew their attention with a long pointer to a map of Europe. The cartoon was funny, of course, because of the audacity of the clubwomen's consideration of a solution of a question as vast as Hitler's Germany. But what made it great, really, was its profound simplicity, for in it Miss Hokinson captured that strange mixture of alarm, frustration, apathy, and inaction which characterized our state of mind in the late Thirties. It synthesized a moment in history which it will take chapters in future textbooks to explain.

Everyone seems to remember this drawing, which must have appeared in the late Thirties, but no one can place it. Can an *SRL* reader help?

BESSE HOWARD.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Even Good News Is News"

SIR: Just to prove that I apply what I learn in *SRL*, let me say that I sent Norman Cousins's editorial "Even Good News Is News" [*SRL* Oct. 29] to the editor of our very good local newspaper with the suggestion that it would be an imaginative thing to do if he would publish one issue during the Christmas season containing nothing but good news. And it worked!

THEODORE P. GNAGEY.

South Orange, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *More power to the* Maplewood-South Orange News-Rec-

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ord *for helping to play up the good news.*

SIR: We here at Worldover Press were very interested—and, yes, encouraged—by the friendly response of your readers to the assertion that "good news is news." As a newspaperman, however, I am tempted to sound a familiar sour note: news readers get pretty much what they want.

It is not only that scare headlines sell papers. At the neighborhood level it is the slanderous bit of gossip that gets the "widest circulation" simply because it meets the highest "consumer interest." "The good that men do" is oft interred by lack of interest on the part of both the gossip and her listeners.

On the other hand, newspapermen in general are too ready to accept stereotypes of "what the public wants," without real testing. The editor is rare who shows genuine zeal to stimulate his readers to seek the worth-while, the significant, the "good news." We were so gratified at your providing that stimulus that in our new newsletter, *World Interpreter*, we tossed these posies your way:

> Hooray for The *Saturday Review*! You have voiced a long-standing conviction. . . . At times, we confess, the rise and fall of events on this dizzy planet make difficult an equal distribution of the gloomy and the encouraging. . . . [But] when you set out to interpret complex world affairs and help the peoples of this globe understand each other better, you have to tell about gains, aspirations, achievements.

Such news coverage is a task not only for editors. To get that kind of journalism, every one of us must throw his "reader-weight" in support of balanced reporting of the good with the bad.

ROBERT ROOT.

Wilton, Conn.

Not Inconsolable

SIR: The eternal vigilance that is the price of liberty is often misnamed and discredited as something evil by those whose power it would curb: by the Kremlin as "war-mongering," by the Vatican as "bigotry." Some warmongering there doubtless is, and I know not how much bigotry; but behind them both is a salutary fear—the fear of absolutism in church or state. In unity we seek strength, security, peace. We may find tyranny. If then a little war-mongering delays the universal state, and a little bigotry the universal church, we need not, I think, be altogether inconsolable.

R. D. MILLER.

Baltimore, Md.

This Alone Truth Craves

SIR: A reading of LETTERS TO THE EDITOR recently is proof enough that the Roman Catholic Church is in the public light. However, judging from some letters, it is hardly always a limelight; often it is sort of a riot-squad's searchlight.

I do not believe that anyone who disagrees with or dislikes the church is by that fact a bigot, impelled by hatred. In most cases, I think, dislike is not due to pride or prejudice, but misinformation. Tertullian wrote: "This alone truth sometimes craves, that it not be condemned unheard." Now, whether a person's quarrel is with the dogmatic, moral, economic, social or political views of the church, I ask: has the truth been heard? In other words, what do you know of the church's position? Did you get your knowledge from her own spokesmen or from some non-Catholic source? If from the latter, what is the competence of the author; is his scholarship objective or selective? Your source quotes Catholics? Then the query is, have the quotations been distorted and lifted from their context—an old but effective trick. And if not, what is the authority of the Catholic author? Even though a book bears the imprimatur of a Catholic bishop, that does not make it Catholic teaching. An imprimatur is only a guarantee that a book does not contain anything contrary to revealed faith or morals, or frivolously depart from the common teaching of theologians. It does not mean that Catholics believe or must believe anything it contains on subjects other than faith or morals—for example, politics, a subject on which the church does not make *ex cathedra* statements. Yet in any field where faith or morals are involved, the church considers it her office to encourage truth and virtue and decry error and vice.

The point is this. Outside faith and morals Catholics are free to hold any theories which do not contradict revealed religion. Among Catholic authors there is wide divergence in social, economic, and political opinion. Therefore, if you choose to attack the church, be sure it is the church you are attacking.

Probably no *SRL* reader is against the Fair Deal on the sole basis of what he reads in Republican papers, or vice versa. Why then be naive in judging the church? To all who justly pride themselves on open-mindedness, I say: study the church critically, with scholarship and objectivity. If she is evil, hate her. If she is good, respect her. If she is true, accept her.

JEFFREY KEEFE, O.F.M. CONV.

Rensselaer, N. Y.

Underpaid Profession

SIR: Roland Gelatt's review of "Igor Stravinsky," by Alexandre Tansman, [*SRL* Nov. 26] neglected to credit us with having done the job of translation. Mr. Tansman himself is fully cognizant of his debt to us for having translated the book. We consider that translators are among the most underpaid people in the profession and the least that can be done is to give them due credit for their work.

CHARLES AND THERESE BLEEFIELD.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Bouquet to McIntosh

SIR: I cannot refrain from writing to tell you of my pleasure in the cover design on your Dec. 3 number. So full of strength, beauty, imaginative power, and an interpretive spirit of the best in life and of the Christmas spirit. I trust that you will give the artist my warmest congratulations.

THORNTON OAKLEY.

Villa Nova, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *So enthusiastic was* SRL *itself about this cover that we doubled the usual cover fee for Hal McIntosh.*

Drives Towards Goodness

SIR: For a biologist who has seen a female praying mantis leisurely eating the head of a male praying mantis while their two bodies were united in the act of mating, it is a little difficult to accept the thesis, "cooperation is the law of life," which Ashley Montagu expressed in his article "Man and the Social Appetite" [*SRL* Nov. 19]. Mr. Montagu says, "We perceive that the biologic basis for cooperation has its origins in the same sources as social behavior, namely, in the process of reproduction; that social cooperative behavior is but the continuation and development of the maternal-offspring relationship."

What does Mr. Montagu mean by the "maternal-offspring relationship"? A study of the life histories of animals tends to indicate there actually is no maternal-offspring relationship in approximately 80 per cent of the groups in the animal kingdom. Often the parent generation is dead by the time the offspring are born, as in the case of most insects. And when the parents are not dead they are certainly not interested in their offspring. A mother fish will frequently eat its own young and so will other animals. Only warm-blooded animals (birds and mammals) manifest parental care.

May I humbly ask Mr. Montagu to make public whatever scientific evidence he has for his statement, "Our drives towards goodness are as biologically determined as our drives towards breathing." Anyone who has had to take care of a two-year-old human male (or female) on a rainy day must inevitably arrive at the conclusion that if we are born with a compelling drive towards goodness, the direction of the drive is not very reliable. Often it seems to function in reverse.

Although I cannot accept much of Mr. Montagu's biologic evidence for the nature of man, I believe his social message is exceedingly important. I heartily agree that man has a great capacity for love and for socially cooperative behavior. And also that belief in false values imposed by our culture is retarding man's development in the direction of loving his neighbor.

DOROTHY LIEBERMAN.

New York, N. Y.

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Nature. *The first stories most children read tell of the trials and triumphs of animals with highly human qualities beneath their befurred or feathered exteriors. The man who writes about animals for adults, try as he may to make his work faithful to the precepts of zoology, is apt to give his subjects an anthropomorphic streak. A case in point is Frank Conibear's and J. L. Blundell's biography of a beaver, "The Wise One," reviewed below. Other books of the week disclose more approaches "civilized" man may take to nature. Ross Parmenter of Manhattan unwittingly became nursemaid to a philodendron; as he reports in "The Plant in My Window," the accident caused him to make a little excursion into botany. W. D. M. Bell's approach was really more conventional: big-game hunting in darkest Africa, which he describes in "Karamojo Safari."*

Wise Beaver & Mobile Philodendron

THE WISE ONE. By Frank Conibear and J. L. Blundell. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 265 *pp.* $2.75.

THE PLANT IN MY WINDOW. By Ross Parmenter. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 148 *pp.* $2.50.

By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

"THE WISE ONE" exemplifies a modern development in animal fiction associated with the name of Ernest Thompson Seton. From Aesop to Kipling animal stories have been written by moralists about people in disguise. La Fontaine did not study the wild life but the court life of France; and the model for Goosey Gander was certainly not found on the breeding grounds of the graylag. Thompson Seton, however, responding to the modern demand for literal truth, claimed to write as a naturalist. Being an artist in fact, one of the devices by which he sought to create illusion was a serious insistence that, crafty in the ways of the wild, he had himself seen what he related. It is hard to give him the credit he deserves because, by this device, he allowed the charlatanism of all art to show so close to the surface.

Thompson Seton's repeated tale was of the individual beast, stronger and nobler than others of its kind—how it coped with manifold dangers, how it was hunted to its final destruction. One recalls that climactic episode in which the hunter comes face-to-face with his quarry, at last brought to bay. The two gaze upon each other and are moved by a mutual regard in which they recognize their kinship. The trigger is stayed, then his purpose masters the hunter.

"The Wise One" is the fictional biography of a great black beaver of the North woods, bigger and wiser than his kind.

It is easy to affect a scorn for this kind of writing, which has its place and is deservedly popular. Even though, in the case under review, the beaver's inner life is purely human, there is certainly a great deal of beaver lore in the tale of his movements. That tale is smoothly written, and it is good reading. In a prefatory note Mr. Conibear says: "Conjecture plays little part in this story. At some time or other in my trapping career of thirty-two years I have seen, or seen the evidence of, all the incidents related herein, and the story may be regarded as true in all its detail."

The book is amply and beautifully illustrated by Michael Bevans.

* * *

In this fragment of autobiography, "The Plant in My Window," Ross Parmenter, a New York newspaperman, tells what happened when he was minded to notice the plant that a previous tenant had left in his one-room apartment. By making a drawing of it one day and again the next, he found that it moved and so was alive. As in the case of Prospero's daughter, the insularity of his Manhattan isle made the commonplace extraordinary. O brave new world! He did more drawings and began, meticulously, to record the plant's development. Occasional visitors gave him scraps of information about its care. He found like plants in florist shops and was told that what he had was a philodendron. He began to consult popular books and had his eyes opened to "a whole new breed of humanity," the indoor-gardeners. Finally, he made an excursion to the New York Botanical Garden, saw its collection of philodendra, and was informed about them by a curator.

More extraordinary than the plant, to one reader, is its human environment. It is death that is impressive here. The fragment of life is observed in a man-made desert; the fragment of knowledge is gleaned in a man-made ignorance. Mr. Parmenter is quite aware of this and it is, in fact, one of the points he makes. But his intellectual exploration of the world outside his urban cell is timorous and unguided. Like one who has dwelt too long in the darkness of a cave, he turns back at last from the light. "I resolutely refused to read any further books about plants. My philodendron had already led me a merry chase far off my main tracks." All that is left at the end is an experience, a sentiment of kinship with the florist's merchandise, some odd thoughts, a bit of unassimilated knowledge. Reality is still cement.

—From "Woodcuts U.S.A."

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—*Illustration from the book jacket.*

Brain Shots in Primeval Africa

KARAMOJO SAFARI. By W. D. M. Bell. New York: Harcourt, Brace. & Co. 298 pp. $3.75.

By Linton Wells

TO ANYONE who has not prowled around British East Africa and listened to the oldsters reminisce about big-game hunting exploits, the fabulous feats of that doughty Scot W. D. M. Bell will savor of the exploits of Baron Munchausen. Even today, long years after he disappeared from the African scene and returned to the Scottish Highlands, you can sip pink gin at Nairobi's Salisbury or Torr's and overhear the Nimrods talking enviously of those bygone days when Bell wandered high, wide, and careless through the bush, unrestrainedly slaughtering elephants particularly and all wildlife generally, whereas today shooting activities are strictly circumscribed by government regulations and require expensive licenses restricting the so-called sport to only the most well-to-do.

Bell was under twenty when he jumped ship at Mombassa in 1897 and took on a job of killing lions which were impeding railway construction. Before long he branched out with his own safari, and with forty-odd boys disappeared into the Karamojo country of Northwest Kenya Colony, where

> most of the natives had never seen a white man; none of them had any knowledge of money other than beads, brass wire, iron chain, and the like. All were nude people, scornful of clothes and wearers thereof. Living at perpetual war with their neighbors they were expert spear fighters, and their contempt for firearms made them rather difficult to deal with. . . . Once a trading safari crossed the Turkwel River, on its journey north white rule ceased and black rule took over. Safaris were laws unto themselves. . . . Time was no object whatever—two years, three years, what did it matter? . . . Ivory was the aim and object of every enterprise, its acquisition, by fair means or foul, the goal of every safari.

The net results of this first safari were "sixty-three head of bull elephant, average weight of tusk fifty-three pounds . . . the birth of an all-absorbing passion for hunting elephant which amounted to mania and which enabled me to endure fatigue and discomforts which would otherwise have resulted in boredom . . . and the honor of being the first white man to dwell among these people, the first man of any sort to devote himself exclusively to hunting elephant, and the first to demonstrate the extreme deadliness of modern firearms."

"Karamojo Safari" is Bell's account of his fourth venture into this part of primeval Africa about the turn of the century, with 180 donkeys and 150 people to provide for, requiring endless killing. Although little more than twenty, "old warriors with half a century of raids and bloodshed behind them called me 'Father.'" By now he had developed his famous "brain shot." Under conditions of fatigue and intense excitement, Bell was bringing down scores of elephant at distances ranging from fifteen to forty yards with a single shot to the brain "from all angles except the stern." To impress the natives, he used to have his boys toss pebbles rapidly into the air and disintegrate them or shoot the heads of pheasants on the wing, and "sometimes it was possible to kill two antelope with one bullet, broadside on, of course."

Fourteen months later Bell returned to Mumias, which lies some forty-five miles west of Kisumu, on Lake Victoria. During six months of actual hunting, he had bagged 180 head of elephant, which rewarded him with 354 tusks of ivory, averaging fifty-three pounds each, which he sold at a net profit of $30,000. His biggest and easiest day gave him nineteen elephant and on another he brought down nine yielding 1,463 pounds of ivory tusk. He slaughtered thousands of other animals for food, footgear, saddles, utensils, and because they were annoying him, once killing twenty-one hartebeest "from a single stance."

Bell's only contact with civilization was the "Pickwick Papers," which he read more than 100 times. He cites as his greatest discomfort a night "spent under a slain elephant's ear, sitting in the mud, bombarded by lightning, thunder, wind, and rain." His most perilous moments appear to have been when he stepped on a viper and a drunken native tried unsuccessfully to spear him in the back. He deprecates the danger of facing a herd of charging elephant, mowing down those directly in front of him while others passed him on either side.

Incredibly, he makes no mention of ever having been ill a moment, yet malaria, sleeping sickness, blackwater fever, bilharzia are endemic to the region. He drank water as he found it and when none was available pierced the stomach of a newly killed elephant and drank the water which gushed from the incision, although "the blood-heat of the water used sometimes to make me vomit."

The reader will find that "Karamojo Safari" requires patience and a strong stomach. It is repetitious and rambling, with disconcerting changes of tense, but it is never boring and I guarantee it will teach you everything there is to learn vicariously about elephant hunting. Moreover, it delineates graphically how white invaders subjugated peoples, destroyed ancient customs, decimated wildlife, and generally desecrated what Mr. Bell called a paradise.

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(*Continued from page 18*)

himself was plagued by confusions even after the writing of the "Apologia." One wishes that the warfare of the heart in Kingsley might have been examined by the same shrewd strategist.

James Gray is professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

Belles-Lettres Notes

HAMLET'S FATHER, by Richard Flatter. Yale University Press. $3.75. A new book on "Hamlet" must have a new gimmick; in this case it is that the Ghost is the "father of the play," that he starts and shapes the action and wins his victory at the end. That idea, whatever its value, takes up only a small part of the book, most of which is a detailed analysis of bones of contention picked clean by previous critics and scholars. Because of this, perhaps, the new interpretations being offered seem chosen for their novelty rather than for their logic. And when Mr. Flatter confronts a basic problem like that of King Hamlet's motivation he retreats behind the strange excuse that it is a "door which Shakespeare, were he alive, would not allow us to open." He does give some valuable suggestions on staging and some interesting comments on German translations and productions, but that is hardly enough to save the book from being tediously flat and unprofitable.

LITERATURE & THEOLOGY IN COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND, by Kenneth B. Murdock. Harvard University Press. $4. In these six essays, based on his lectures at the Lowell Institute, Professor Murdock stimulates the reader into reconsidering the close connection between the literature of Puritan New England and the theocratic culture that produced it. After a preliminary section on the background he shows how the literature—histories, "personal" writings, and poetry—was shaped and leavened by the Puritan body of ideas. He ends with a sketch of its influence on later American writings. His treatment is notable for many good qualities: its lucid and informal style, its rich choice of illustrative quotations, and its illuminating intelligence. Only one point may be quibbled with: in his conclusion he prescribes that modern religious writing should imitate the vigorous and persuasive qualities of Puritan writing. But, after all, literature is a product of its Time Spirit, as much with us today as with the Puritans.

EDGAR POE AND HIS CRITICS, by Sarah Helen Whitman. Edited by Oral Sumner Coad. Rutgers University Press. $3. In 1860, eleven years after Poe's death, Mrs. Whitman published this long essay in his defense. A poetess in her own right, she had been courted by him after the death of his first wife, and, although she broke their engagement when he appeared at her house drunk (after having promised to reform), she remained his staunch admirer and defender. The source of most of the posthumous calumny was Poe's literary executor, Rufus Griswold, and Mrs. Whitman's book was an antidote for the venom that many of the contemporary critics borrowed from him. Very wisely, she does not deny Poe's moral weakness. She alters the emphasis, though, so that instead of a depraved, inhuman monster, he is an original genius whose "infirmities and errors" deserve pity. Her haphazard and frequently fussy writing includes a wide variety of topics: Poe's genius as poet and critic, his spiritual faithlessness, his lineage (traced with romantic inaccuracy), and valuable reminiscences by herself and other friends. As a memorial of Poe's literary reputation this reprint is a pleasant item, efficiently edited and prettily got up in marbled boards.

A LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, by Hesketh Pearson. Staples Press, New York. $2. The author of popular biographies of Dickens, Wilde, and Shaw, Mr. Pearson now turns to glorify Shakespeare with an appallingly bad book. It is *kitsch* biography. It relies, in turn, on cozy personal comment, documented facts, superficial generalizations, philosophical judgment on the level of the comic strip. Only its author's name on the title page earns its inclusion in a review. It is written, he says, for "the man in the street." (Shakespeare, himself, is given that tasteless tag.) Let the reader be warned!

THE LOVE LETTERS OF HENRY VIII, edited by Henry Savage. University of Denver Press. $3.50. Since Henry VIII is noted for other talents than letter writing, this little collection is something of an historical curiosity. All of his six wives are described in turn but his only surviving love letters that deserve that label are the seventeen he wrote to Anne Boleyn. They have all been printed before, inaccurately and in scattered places. Mr. Savage transcribes them from the manuscripts and translates those written in French. The last letter ends: "and thus for lack of time sweetheart farewell written with the hand which fain would be yours and so is the heart, *H R.*" (If the spelling is modernized, why not the punctuation as well?) They are touching letters, tender and affectionate, and to the reader—though not to poor Anne—they are underlined with irony. His love for her and his desire to make her his Queen profoundly affected English politics and religion, and his signature on these letters was the same that sent her to the block a few years later. Facsimiles of the whole series are given at the end of the book.

MEMOIRS OF EGOTISM, by Stendahl. Edited by Matthew Josephson. Translated by Hannah and Matthew Josephson. Lear. $3. In his "Journals," Gide pays frequent tribute to Stendahl's great powers; specifically, he remarks that he was "stirred" and "made over" by the "*Souvenirs d'Egotisme.*" Stendahl wrote this fragment of his memoirs in 1832, while he suffered a busy, dull consulship in Italy, and it covers his life in Paris from 1821 to 1831. It tells mainly of his search after his own identity beneath his layers of pose. His friends and experiences are described, but his Ego is the main actor and his Heart is the stage. He jotted down these reminiscences as they occurred to him, in all their spontaneity and disorder, and never revised them though he wished them to be published after his death. They are frequently confusing and (as he himself observed) frequently dull; but they contain many passages which sparkle with the wit and sensibility, with the psychological penetration that make his finished writing so great. (One such passage is his full treatment of the aged General Lafayette.) The introduction and the translation, the first in English, are adequate enough, but the notes do not provide sufficient information. Nor is there an index, surely required in such a book as this.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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THE PEARLS OF PUBLISHING

(*Continued from page* 19)

trait of one of the most fantastic figures in American history."

Published by Random House: "The Sure Thing," by Merle Miller.

J. W. GREENBERG,
GREENBERG: PUBLISHER.

Published by us: In spite of enthusiastic comment in letters to the publishers from such people as Bernard Baruch and Allan Nevins, and in spite of a fine press, "North African Prelude," by Galbraith Welch, has not sold as it should have. It may be that the title was wrong for this volume. It continues to sell but it is a personal grief to the editor to bring out a really good book and see it languish.

Published by W. W. Norton: American readers are losing a lot of pleasure by not reading "Young William Washbourne," by Humphrey Pakington. This is light fiction of the best type. Most of the other authors of light fiction are women, but here it is done with masculine vigor and irony, good taste and good temper. Some of it is so funny that you can never forget it. I have given Pakington's books to Americans of all ages and they have never failed to like him. Not one of the dozen had ever heard of him before. And Norton has done a fine job of publishing, too.

FRANCES PHILLIPS,
WILLIAM MORROW & CO.

Published by us: "The American Book of Common Prayer," by the Very Rev. John W. Suter, D.D., and the Rev. Canon George J. Cleaveland, Oxford, is an extremely timely and important summary of the history of the development of the Book of Common Prayer. Appearing as it did on the four hundredth anniversary of the Prayer Book, it presents background information vital not only to Episcopalians but also to all other Americans. For the Prayer Book has probably been as influential as any piece of literature in the process of developing the English language and it has certainly been an integral part of the history of English-speaking peoples.

The book has had a satisfactory sale, but we believe there is a much bigger potential market for it.

Published by Harper & Bros.: "The World's Great Madonnas," by Cynthia Pearl Maus, is a splendid contribution to religious literature, and I believe most readers will grant that. Yet I'm sure it did not have a good sale. The poor sale was due for the most part, I think, to the title. Protestants, unfortunately, seem to fear the word "madonna."

LEON MCCAULEY,
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Published by us: Although by no means a flop, I feel that René Barjavel's "The Tragic Innocents" missed the very large market it should have had. It is one of the few modern love stories that for me make complete sense. It has both beauty and poignancy. Its characters are almost devastatingly real and the feeling of youth in the tragic milieu of the Resistance period in France is for me superbly realized. It is one of the few books of its sort in which I have really lost myself.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons: Although I understand that Hope Muntz's "The Golden Warrior" has had a respectable success, it seems to me that the public should have placed it at or very close to the top of the best-seller list. Because it is one of the very few historical novels that doesn't rely on artificial devices, trivial detail, and a plot obviously coined to fit a formula, it gives one a feeling of living through a period in intimate contact with problems and people and incidents that are new and different and at the same time surprisingly close to its readers today.

JOHN SELBY,
RINEHART & CO.

Published by us: "The Book of Great Conversations," edited by Louis Biancolli, certainly has not had the overall impact it deserves. I single it out because, in the words of Emerson, "the best of life is conversation," and this is the winnowed best of the world's most memorable conversation from Socrates and Michelangelo to H. G. Wells, Shaw, and Stalin with stop-over privileges at the homes of

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

William Cowper: "Winter"

OH Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way. . . .

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Casanova, Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, Napoleon, Keats, Tolstoy, *et al.*

Published by William Sloane Assoc.: "The Universe and Dr. Einstein," by Lincoln Barnett, had brilliant critical acclaim, but in my opinion not enough to match its magnificent clarity and unchallengeable authority. A truly inspired work of humanization in the great tradition of Thomas Huxley.

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER,
SIMON & SCHUSTER.

Published by us: "Labor Relations and Federal Law," by Donald H. Wollett, provides much more than a source of information about the Wagner Act and the Taft-Hartley Act. Without prejudice, the author offers soundly reasoned criticisms of and recommendations about Federal labor policy. Public opinion in this matter would be much sounder if it were based on familiarity with the text of Professor Wollett's book.

WILLIAM READ,
UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS.

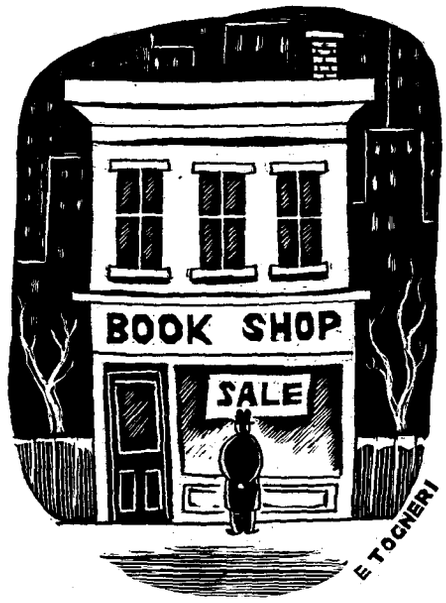
Published by us: "Genesis of a Music," by Harry Partch, is a book by a relatively unknown man on a subject on which very little work has been done. His ideas are counter in many ways to accepted values and conventions. As a matter of fact, he may be—and probably is—wrong in certain respects. Nevertheless, he is opening up, both practically and theoretically, an enormous, completely untouched field both for practical and artistic experimentation and for scholarly investigation.

We think this book is important because the subject it treats is almost entirely new. We make no claim for its presenting ultimate truth, but we feel that it leads toward unexplored fields.

Published by Princeton University Press: "A History of Norway," by Karen Larsen, an excellent piece of historical writing, eminently readable, and a first-rate presentation of a subject which should recommend itself to the general reader.

THOMPSON WEBB and
SPENCER B. DRAFFAN,
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PRESS.

Published by us: "Days with Bernard Shaw," by Stephen Winsten, is a book, at once lively and entertaining, presenting an intimate picture of the Bernard Shaw of recent years. Without attempting either a literary or personal evaluation, it reveals the essentially human contradictions of the great man's nature. It is filled with Shaw's own complex personality, his



love of paradox, and, above all, his incomparable wit.

With one or two important exceptions, the book was very well received, but the sales were not large—certainly not in any way comparable to what might justifiably have been expected.

Published by Macmillan: When "The Bismarck Episode," by Capt. Russell Grenfell, R.N., was announced in London I tried to get it, but found it was already in Macmillan's capable hands. I was doubly disappointed at not having been able to obtain it when I read the book. It is undeniably one of the most fascinating narratives to come out of the war. I have no statistics before me of the proportion of war books that dealt with naval matters but it must have been very small; on the other hand, there is a huge reading public for books about the sea, and it seems to me that so notable a book as this should certainly have been a best seller.

JAMES HENLE,
VANGUARD PRESS.

Published by us: I must go back to 1947 for this one, but I nominate "Walk with a Separate Pride," by Sheila Alexander, as the best example on our list of a book that did not find its audience. A sensitive novel of pregnancy and childbirth, it was characterized by Sinclair Lewis as "a fine achievement, original and full of power"; by Robert Penn Warren as "a distinguished performance, original, sensitive, intelligent, and always interesting," and had a very fine press generally. It was published in London by Hamish Hamilton, and in Turin, in Italian translation, by Giulio Einaudi. Despite its critical acceptance and foreign publication, sales were very disappointing.

PAUL C. HILLESTAD,
THE WEBB PUBLISHING CO.

SAINT AS REFORMER

(*Continued from page 7*)

giveness more manly than punishment. Forgiveness adorns a soldier. Abstinence is forgiveness only when there is power to punish; it is meaningless when it pretends to proceed from a helpless creature. . . . I do not believe India to be helpless.

"Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from indomitable will. Non-violence does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer but the putting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire and lay the foundation for that empire's fall or its regeneration."

He knew that the price of practising non-violence is suffering. He called upon India to face the might of the British Empire with the power of truth, a force he believed irresistible when incarnate in men and women of pure heart pledged to non-violence.

But could such a doctrine be taught hundreds of millions? And, if taught, dared he to release this chain-reaction that might sweep a continent? He was later to behold the passions of men, unready to love their enemy, move with terrifying brutality and ruthless killing. He had only the power of love left, and he revealed it in a fast, to the death if necessary, as a penance for the sins of his people. And he broke their hearts and won their love and loyalty. The world is hardly aware of the greatness of a saint who could dramatize the resistance of love in the Salt March and challenge the power of an empire; who could still the murderous strife of communal war; and again, by fasting, compel the Hindu to do justice to the Moslem, he himself braving peril and walking through the very streets of blood to live in a Mohammedan home. Doubters must face the facts: India is free, untouchability is abolished, the caste system is passing, woman stands in dignity and power, and though the bullets of an assassin silenced his voice, he speaks to the peoples of the world, and all men know he was God's man.

Satyagraha is more than passive resistance. It is active. Love is directed toward the enemy. It is more than civil disobedience. It has a redemptive quality. "The Satyagrahi," said Gandhi, "must always be ready to die with a smile on his face, without retaliation, without rancor in his heart."

Account for it as one may, this little

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man was able to put that spirit into the hearts of millions. His word shook the nation. Not that Indians agreed with his every word. There were long and bitter controversies; and he did die at the hand of a Hindu assassin. He knew his limitations and humbly confessed them: "The only virtue I want to claim is Truth and Non-violence. I lay no claim to super-human powers. I want none. I wear the same corrupt flesh that the weakest of my fellow-beings wears, and am, therefore, as liable to err as any. My services have many limitations, but God has up to now blessed them in spite of the imperfections. For confession of error is like a broom that sweeps away dirt and leaves the surface cleaner than before. I feel stronger for my confession. And the cause must prosper for the retracing. Never has man reached his destination by deviation from the straight path." On one occasion he called off the program of civil disobedience, stood the misunderstanding, and cleansed the movement.

He bowed to prison sentence as a man pronouncing a benediction.

HE moved the masses with his ideas because he himself incarnated them. "I decline to be a slave to precedence or practice I cannot understand or defend on a moral basis. So far as I can recollect, . . . I never resorted to untruth in my profession."

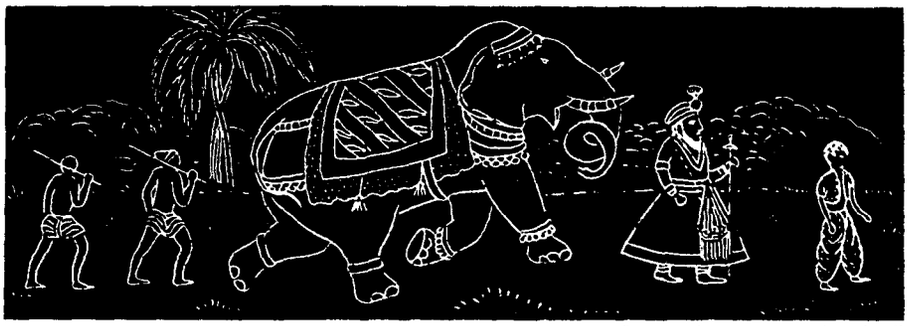
Nehru says, "Every reform he suggests, every advice that he gives to others, he straightaway applies to himself. He is always beginning with himself, and his words and actions fit into each other like a glove on the hand. And so, whatever happens, he never loses his integrity, and there is always an organic completeness about his life and work. Even in his apparent failures he has seemed to grow in stature."

Gandhi could speak to the masses of God, because he knew God; and could speak of the masses because he knew the people as individuals. Nehru tells of Gandhi sending the leaders of the movement for freedom into the villages, there to interpret the new way.

He insisted that the means used in reform be consistent with the ends sought. He was convinced that good ends could not be won by bad means. His message was carried by convinced messengers to the peasants. The villagers and the city dwellers sensed solidarity, and they envisioned freedom won by weapons of the spirit. Gandhi would have none of "class war." He was suspicious of Marxism because of its association with violence. His was the way of non-violence, of truth, love. But he knew the people must be disciplined. Nehru quotes Umar Sobani, who called Gandhi the "beloved slave driver." But the discipline was of the spirit. The Apostle Paul states, "The aim of Christian discipline is the love that springs from a pure heart, a sincere faith, and a good conscience." So, too, Gandhi's. Says Nehru, "How he disciplined our lazy and demoralized people and made them work—not by force or any material inducement but by a gentle look and a soft word and, above all, by personal example."

This reformer knew that revolution is wrought by regeneration. His thought centered on purity, not power. He knew the meek would inherit. He matched violence with love. A saint might thus achieve, but could the people be trusted to endure beatings without returning blow for blow, could leaders be found who would face prison and death with equanimity?

Frederick B. Fisher in "That Strange Little Brown Man Gandhi" tells of the teaching by example. Two Indians had killed an English official in the Punjab, were captured, and condemned to death. Their friends demanded that Gandhi try to save their lives. Gandhi refused, saying, "I cannot condone the killing of anyone." The friends determined to kill Gandhi, and later rushing in upon him, were confronted by a little man unafraid. "You may take my life, if you wish," he said quietly. "It is all I have left. I have no property I can give you. All I have is love. . . . I'd give everything I have to help you, but I cannot. If I led our people to violence to avenge this political murder, I would be using the very methods of force I deplore. Kill me, if you like, . . . but I must stick to my truth. Love is stronger than death."



—From "And Gazelles Leaping."

IT was on March 12, 1930, that Gandhi began the march from Sabarmati to Dandi. This was the famous Salt March. It was deliberate civil disobedience. The Government had a salt monopoly. He would dramatize Indian refusal to obey British law, would inaugurate non-cooperation, by taking a cup of water from the sea and keeping the deposit of salt as a symbol of the disobedience. He would accept arrest and imprisonment in love, and tens of thousands stood ready to follow him. The world watched that little procession, joined by thousands, as it pressed nearer and nearer the sea. An empire was confronted by a man, a man who would not hate, who would not kill. The empire imprisoned his body, but his mind and soul were free. Even the judge who sentenced him seemed in the very act to accept condemnation. Gandhi wrote to Lord Irwin, "Conversion of a nation that has consciously or unconsciously preyed upon another far more numerous, far more ancient, and no less cultured than itself is worth any amount of risk. I have deliberately used the word 'conversion,' for my ambition is no less than to convert the British people through non-violence and thus make them see the wrong they have done to India."

Are principles of Gandhi's such that they may be universally used? That the principles are universally true, Gandhi would insist to the very last. But are the methods used in applying the principles applicable to the world as well as to India? Sheean concludes that a "good deal of Gandhi's ethical

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Fish

By Melville Cane

FISH of the obscurantist school
Sport in their unconscious pool;
Wayward, cryptic and perverse,
Fish, by nature, can't emerse.

Impotent to wriggle from
Meshes of their idiom,
Fish cannot articulate
Except with fish of equal state,
Fish cannot communicate
Except with the initiate.

Hapless we, to miss the sense
Of their dark intransigence,
Of the wherefore and the whence!

Fish make poems, like you and me,
But only fish possess the key.

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and moral teaching was much too ascetic for general acceptance, either in India or anywhere else. He always insisted that he was not a saint, and that anybody could do what he did; he never made a rule for others that he did not obey himself, and it therefore seemed to him that the others could do likewise. He was wrong; . . . humanity may esteem all the virtues, but it is incapable of attaining them, except in individual example. The very respect paid to saints in the West and in the East is proof of the rarity. The three aims of Gandhi's endeavor —truth, non-violence (or love), and chastity—are alike in one thing, which is that the overwhelming majority of men cannot reach them in a pure form for long at a time." But he goes on to say, "It is my belief that Satyagraha can reach the Western world—that is, the world of individual freedom—through individuals and not masses. What the co-conscious Indian people, participating, beneath their multifarious external differences, in a common awareness of soul and oversoul were able to do under the magnetic influence of Gandhi, individual citizens of the democratic West may do by harkening to the word of Gandhi, by relating it to other words spoken in ages past, by considering the extremity of the world's peril, and by obeying the dictates of the individual conscience."

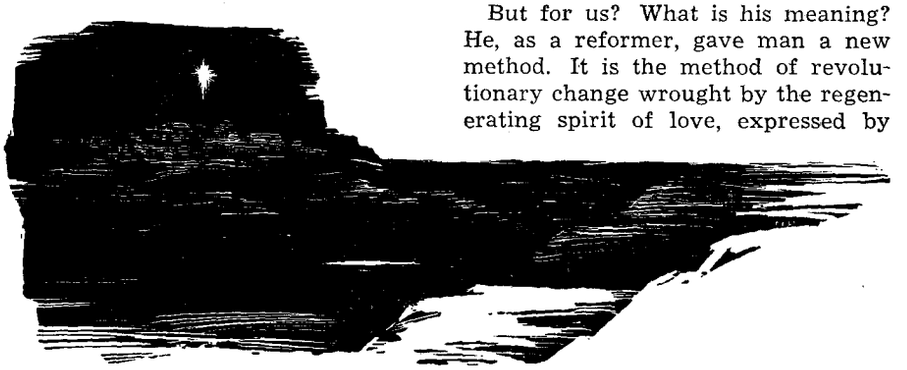
BUT there is a deeper question. Is the reform wrought by Gandhi and the Gandhian way capable of confronting totalitarianism with its reckless disregard for life and its philosophy that underlay Hitler's pagan declaration "To the Christian doctrine of the infinite worth of the individual, I oppose with icy clarity the saving doctrine of the nothingness of the individual"? Had Gandhi lived under the Nazi tyranny rather than under British rule with its traditions of fairplay and its respect for personality, what would have happened to him? Would a court have listened to his plea? Or would storm troopers have blotted him out in a blood purge in which all opposition was decapitated? And if he had been followed by thousands, would the Nazis have hesitated to kill the thousands? Six million Jews speak from the crematories and the self-dug trench-like graves! And under such a regime could he have taught the people the ethics of nonresistance? Britain jailed perhaps a hundred thousand, and some were executed, but what of Buchenwald and Dachau? Is this a method that evil forces might use to propagate their faith, or would the acceptance of the method negate the faith? Is it a method free men can use as they confront the threat to infiltrate, or by invasion to impose an ideology that means tyranny?

These are questions difficult to ask and hard to answer. Is there an answer? Prime Minister Atlee's proposal cannot be accounted for solely in terms of Gandhi's movement. There was something back of Atlee. Atlee is a Christian and has himself given a life to realize the Christian ideal in the social practices of a nation. True, with Atlee at 10 Downing Street and Gandhi at Sevagram, changes could be made that would enable two great people to part in peace and as friends. Sir Stafford Cripps is a Christian, a Socialist, a democrat. But what of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin!

Would a Hitler blow accepted by Gandhi in forgiving smile have changed the heart of the dictator? What is the meaning of the Cross? "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me!" Is the truest expression of love the gift of a life for a friend? Is Hermann Hagedorn right in thinking of God bombarding the souls of men, just as the atomic scientists bombard the atom, and then once in a while the nucleus of the soul is split and power unlimited is released among men? Was Gandhi such an one? Was Jesus? Is it possible to release spiritual power in all men?

Gandhi was ready for the bombardment of the Lord. He was pure in heart. Did he see God? He was meek. He inherited India. He was persecuted for righteousness's sake. He was a peacemaker. He is indeed a child of God.

But for us? What is his meaning? He, as a reformer, gave man a new method. It is the method of revolutionary change wrought by the regenerating spirit of love, expressed by intelligent men in measures consistent with love and dedicated to the enrichment of personality. Is it a method that can be used by the selfish and the brutal? No, because it is impossible for men to love their enemies with hate and greed in their hearts. The power is dependent upon purity. Here is the baffling question of our day. Has Gandhi taken the Christ of the West and demonstrated to the people of the East that the stone that the West rejected is to be chief of the corner? Who dares say that this man, ridiculed by millions, who faced the power of a great empire, almost alone, and who with the sheer power of love dedicated to truth, trained millions in the way of non-violence and won freedom, could not face other power with similar success? But what if the evil power destroys the saint? Is the gospel that is to be preached to the nations incapable of rearing such men in sufficient quantity to guarantee such reform by such method?



—From "The Lord Is My Shepherd."

IT was Gandhi who said, "If . . . I had to face only the Sermon on the Mount and my interpretation of it, I should not hesitate to say, Oh, yes, I am a Christian, but I know that at the present moment, if I said any such thing, it would lay myself open to the gravest misinterpretation. . . . Much of that which passes as Christianity is a negation of the Sermon on the Mount. . . . I am not at the present moment speaking especially of Christian conduct; I am speaking of Christian belief, Christianity, as it is understood in the West. . . . There is one thing which came forcibly to me in my early studies of the Bible. It seized me immediately when I read one passage. The text was this: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be added unto you.' I tell you that if you will understand, appreciate, and act up to the spirit of that passage, then you will not even need to know what place Jesus, or any other teacher, occupies in your or my heart. If you will do this moral scavenger's work, so as to clean and purify your hearts and get them ready, you will find that all these mighty teachers will take their place without invitation from us. That, to my mind, is the basis of all sound education. The culture of the mind must be subservient to the culture of the heart."

G. Bromley Oxnam is bishop of the New York Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church and co-president of the World Council of Churches. This essay is drawn from his book "Personalities in Social Reform," which is to be published January 10 by Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

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Seeing Things

STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL

"THE Bicycle Thief"* could not tell a simpler story. Its story is as simple as the needs and the anguishes of the hungry. This is a source of the extraordinary power of Vittorio De Sica's new Italian film. It is also a measure of the desperation with which it deals.

Although postwar Rome supplies the background, "The Bicycle Thief's" real scene is the human heart anywhere, at any time, when a family, eager to work but unemployed, faces the fears and agonies of poverty. The picture reduces this family's whole hope of economic survival to one object—a bicycle. Perhaps the very straightness of the story's line explains why it can claim a fluency missing even in such an earlier and notable example of De Sica's work as "Shoe Shine."

An unemployed husband at last gets a job as a bill-poster. To hold the job he must have a bicycle. His bicycle has been pawned long ago. His wife is able to redeem it only by selling all six of the family's sheets. Full of hope, the husband goes to work on a Saturday. During the day, however, his bicycle is stolen while he is up on a ladder. Although he sees the thief and runs after him, he fails to catch him. This is the beginning of a heartbreaking search.

The police offer him no help. They tell him he will have to look for the bicycle himself. Accordingly, he, his little son, and some friends start out on a hunt which the father and the boy ultimately continue alone. A rainy Sunday at least provides the father with a day of grace before he must report for work. At one moment he is confident he has located the actual thief, but he has no real evidence. He cannot bring himself, therefore, to prefer charges against this young man, an epileptic who is as hard driven as he is.

The father's hopelessness increases. His knowledge of what is at stake finally drives him into becoming a thief himself. He sees a bicycle left against a wall. He cannot resist it. He jumps on it and peddles away furiously, only to be overtaken by a street crowd. The owner of the bicycle, sensing the father's difficulties, refuses to turn him over to the police. Thereafter the father and the little boy start off again, hand in hand, to begin their long walk home. It is getting late. Not only night but Monday is overtaking them. The needed job is lost. So is the family.

It is on this desperate note that De Sica's distinguished study of despair ends. Yet part of "The Bicycle Thief's" truth is that in the midst of its desolation and tension it finds time for humor. This humor is not of that obvious, palliative kind known as comic relief. It is as human, as quiet and real as are those sufferings which are the picture's uncompromising concern.

The impatience of some night-club entertainers to get on with their rehearsal. The volcanic explosiveness of the Italian temperament. A church service disturbed by the father's whispered but insistent questioning of an evil old man, a confederate of the real thief. The naive and trusting pathos of a group of people who, because of their ignorance and misery, have implicit faith in the Delphic pronouncements of a medium. A rich boy guzzling heavy food in a restaurant at a table next to the one where the father and the son, due to having reached the breaking point, have been driven to eat a meal which they can ill afford. The son's unwillingness, in a moment of anger, to walk on the same side of the street with his father. All of these are instances of De Sica's refusal to overplay the sentimentalities of a story which in other hands could easily have been sentimentalized.

They are not funny for the sake of being funny, these lighter touches of De Sica's. They are not extraneous either. Although they win a smile here or a quiet laugh there, most of them bear an unmistakable relevance to the film's theme. They are born of its agony; proofs of mortal frailty, hence of humanity.

DE SICA's approach, realistic as it is, is not tough. It is more bruising than that. It is matter-of-fact to the point of casualness. Like so many of the outstanding foreign films which have reached us since the war, "The Bicycle Thief" can claim a documentary's validity. Brilliant as is its planning and emphasis, it creates the illusion of being a "Neediest Case," unposed and uncontrived, which just happens to have been overtaken by a camera. This increases its power by making everything exceptional in it appear to be average.

De Sica, for example, takes magnificent advantage of the tenements, the courtyards, the bridges, and the streets

—From "The Bicycle Thief."

Lamberto Maggiorani (left) and Enzo Staiola (center)—"awareness of human erosion."

THE BICYCLE THIEF, screenplay by Cesare Zavattini, based on the novel of the same name, by Luigi Bartolini. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. Produced in Rome by De Sica Production Company and released here by Mayer-Burstyn. With a cast including Lamberto Maggiorani, Lianella Carrell, Enzo Staiola, Elena Altieri, Vittorio Antonucci, Gino Saltamerenda, etc. At the World Theatre, New York City.

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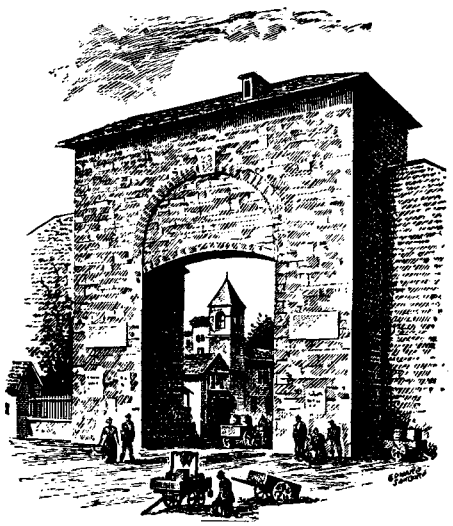
of Rome. That an eternal tragedy of poverty is played against the setting of the Eternal City does more than add to the picture's photographic interest. Such a background heightens the story's poignancy. The same tragedy could be laid in any of the world's younger cities. But in them its sense of historic melancholy would be lacking. A comment, unmade yet implicit in so ancient a setting, would be lost. For "The Bicycle Thief" takes place in a capital, great in both pagan and Christian times, which has failed to learn how to meet the needs of all of its citizens.

There is a difference between the sidewalks of the Old World and the New. All of us sense it when we arrive in Europe or return to America. In "You Can't Go Home Again" Thomas Wolfe described the American pavement, our universal city sidewalk, as "a wide, hard stripe of gray-white cement, blocked accurately with dividing lines." He insisted it is "the hardest, coldest, cruellest, most impersonal pavement in the world." In Europe's cities, he noted, we tread on "worn stone, all hollowed out and rubbed to rounded edges." We realize that "for centuries the unknown lives of men now buried touched and wore this stone, and when we see it something stirs within our hearts."

There is more, however, to the cleavage than newness or age. A second world war has made this distressingly clear. There is the matter of confidence opposed to resignation, of



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the individual's belief or lack or belief in his own importance, of energy set against fatigue, and hope contrasted with hopelessness. Then, too, there is the difference between living with the weight of too much made history and the buoyancy which comes from the conviction that history is still in the making. This tired and trapped feeling—this awareness of human erosion—this consciousness of struggling to survive rather than striving to succeed has found deliberate or unintentional expression in all the significant European films shown in this country since the coming of what we choose to identify as peace. It is unmistakable in every sequence of "The Bicycle Thief."

Hollywood, even in its most courageous moments, continues to approach our very real, though dissimilar, problems in terms of make-believe. Instead of showing things as they are, it puts on a show. Its professionals do not allow us to forget that they are professionals. They do not make a film from life; they lose life in a movie. Poverty is one of the facts of life which they seldom admit. The things which are all around them—and us—they do not choose to see. All too often they devote their energies and gifts to documenting an unreal world and let the real world go hang.

The reality of "The Bicycle Thief" is doubtless due in part to the professional use De Sica makes of non-professionals. They have no tricks to unlearn, these actors of his. They have only their own lives to remember. Most of us have long since realized that acting on the screen seldom is, and does not need to be, acting in the stage sense. More often than not it is

a matter of obedience and patience; the product of editing rather than endowment. The all-important role is played by the director.

De Sica must have looked far, and could not have done better, in selecting his principals. Lamberto Maggiorani is a gaunt, harried man; modest and determined as the father. In happier times, under more agreeable circumstances, he would have been called handsome. But he has more than good looks to offer. The misery of present-day Europe thins his mouth, narrows his eyes, and lines his face. By this I do not mean to suggest he is incapable of a wide and appropriate variety of moods. He rises to these changes. No doubt he is helped in doing this by his complete immersion as an individual in what his own experiences have taught him to be the script's truth.

Enzo Staiola, as his little son, is equally impressive, indeed unforgettable. He is a child uncursed by any of the regrettable qualities of the average child actor. He is older, tragically older, than his years. His childhood is shown as having none of the natural childish diversions. Although there is iron in his character, something indestructibly young and vital shines in his performance and his face. As his mother, Lianella Carrell manages to be both tough and tender. She is the kind of woman to be seen in any Italian city today.

All of De Sica's actors, whether playing the larger parts or participating only in the street scenes, are blessed with this same authenticity. He has welded them into a picture, high and bleak in its beauty, and irresistible in its force.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

American aviation lieutenant who, while in England, asks an English girl in the WAAF to share his fortnight's leave with him. Jerry, shy and innocent, on the advice of a cynical major, makes no bones about it and talks "cold turkey" to the girl: he makes it clear that the holiday is not to end in involvement; he frankly reveals to Patches that he has a girl at home ardently devoted to him and only waiting for his return to marry him. Patches, who happens to be a nice, even a very nice, girl, agrees to make the sacrifice, all the more as she is really in love with Jerry. And so they go off to Scotland together. Neither Jerry nor Patches had banked on the actual result, though the astute reader may have a fair suspicion of what almost inevitably must happen. A pretty mess it turns out to be, but being written for popular consumption it ends happily enough. Unfortunately, unless Mr. Gallico should decide to write a sequel, which is doubtful, we shall never learn how Jerry resolved his dilemma, what he said to his papa and mamma and his girl when he followed his impulse instead of his bounden duty.

—JOHN COURNOS.

THE DREAM GATE, by Marcus Bach. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. A tolerant observer and student of the varied, sometimes thoroughly exotic, religious cults, which number a surprising following in this country (he interpreted some of them in "They Have Found a Faith"), Dr. Bach gives in this novel of Hutterian life in the Old Portage Colony in South Dakota an understanding and fascinating account of an existence and viewpoint so remote from that of most of today's Americans that the reader must constantly remind himself that the scene is indeed contemporary.

Ten-year-old Little Mike lived contentedly in the Colony, secure in the love of his pretty mother and pride in his father, Big Mike, the Carpenter Boss. Their whole life, because it was the only one he knew, seemed right to him: the hard work, the self-sufficiency of the commune, where the men, living with their wives and children in plain, identical little houses, discharged all the labor, constructed buildings and furniture, ran the laundry, made the shoes, raised the crops, and bred cattle. Bells summoned them all, men, women, and children, to meals in the community eating hall and on Sundays, when the community bells were stilled, Pastor

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Kunz appointed a special boy to knock at every door and summon all to worship. Only the Town Man with, if necessary, an assistant was allowed to transact essential business with the outer world. It was Joseph Volkner, who had been born a Hutterian and had left to go out into the world who caused Little Mike for the first time to question the life in which he had grown up.

Dr. Bach has wisely chosen to tell this story through a child's eyes. Viewed from the loving little boy's angle, the way of life so alien to most contemporaries offers warmth and security and dignity.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

OUT OF THE SQUARE, by Peter de Polnay. Creative Age. $3. Reading this novel is like listening to the somewhat wordy talk of a cultured man who, having watched human folly, callousness, and misery for a lifetime, is trying hard to give mankind, despite its performance, the benefit of the doubt. In actual fact, Mr. De Polnay aims—and goes—far beyond such vague benevolence. He has written a book about goodness, about faith regained, and about Divine Grace waiting for man. Whether an undertaking of this kind is ultimately convincing—this point cannot be argued in the channels of secular reasoning.

The scene of the story is today's Florence—a city defiled by war and Nazi crimes, beggar-ridden, and corrupted by want, but also a city boasting of a number of unscathed de-luxe hotels, a prosperous tourist trade, and a sizable group of Anglo-Saxon expatriates who have returned to their palazzi and villas in pursuit of the estheticism and the idleness of their prewar existence. As sampled in this novel, they do not seem very likable.

The figure that brings the motley cast together thematically, as the story advances toward its promised religious climax, is an illiterate war orphan by name of Giovanna. One hesitates to call her a character. Rather, she is the catalyst of Grace, and as such the author has endowed her only with the merest traces of ordinary credibility. Yet Giovanna is very moving in her dismal poverty, her guilelessness amid a bevy of youthful thieves, rogues, prostitutes, and pimps, and the picture-book naivete of her pious beliefs.

—ROBERT PICK.

DIVINE MISTRESS, by Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday. $3. Low activity in the High Renaissance. "The Duchess of Malfi" reads like a nursery wallpaper border compared to Mr. Slaughter's tale. Stilettos flash while

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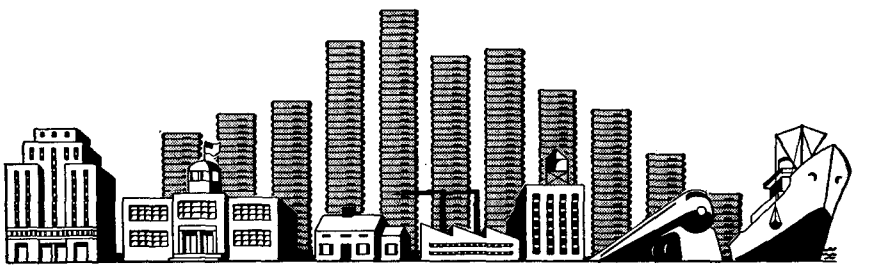

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—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

THE HOUSE OF CERTAIN DEATH, by Albert Cossery. Translated by Stuart Kayser. New Directions. $1.50. It would be hard to think of another novel in which the miseries of the very poor are so vividly pictured. It would be almost incredible, if it weren't for the fact that the Egyptian novelist is so palpably a realist as to preclude any question of fantasy.

Most of the action takes place in a doomed tenement in the slum of an Egyptian city. It is clear to everyone, above all to the tenants themselves, that the house in which they live may collapse at any moment. They are in arrears with their rent; they are so poor they cannot afford to move. Their existence is like a perpetual dance of death. Agreed as they are about the ever-imminent catastrophe, they are yet divided among themselves, ever quarreling, ever cursing one another. The novelist is apparently quite convinced that misery does not necessarily love company, not in the sense of the meaning of the adage. We are given to understand that even in an Egyptian slum men and women are individuals, and common misery is only another contributory factor in the inevitable dissensions which plague small communities as they do the larger world. None the less, humor is not excluded from the picture, the sort of picturesque humor that has some affinity with the humor of Arabian Nights.

The author has lavished some of his best description on the exploiting landlord Si-Khalil, who has made it his business to buy up precisely such ramshackle houses as the one that is the theme of this novel. It is a profitable game, and what does he care for the lives of his tenants? There is a touch of prophecy in the outcry of Abdel Al: "The house will fall on our heads, but there are a lot of us. We shan't all be killed. Some will survive and know how to avenge the others." And it is clear from his final words that the novelist fully concurs.

—J. C.

On Seeing One's Photograph

By John Frederick Nims

A SHOCK: like meeting one's unknown twin
Or oneself in a movie he didn't know he was in.

In *this*, then, I go leering from place to place?
And so it really exists, this personal face

Not likely to be on posters, haloed with $
Or saying Use This Toothbrush or Wear These Collars.

I thought of myself like god, or at least like Shelley—
A disembodied spirit. With no head really.

Since a tip of nose was all of it I could see
I never regarded my face as a *fait accompli.*

Now I am dashed from the corps of mystics.
I am one of those dumpy people in the statistics,

A certain percentage of whom die at forty-two
And the ones that reach say eighty are damn few.

No more the world's true center, the accurate pole,
I must learn to fill an objective role

Over shouts like *Vote Republican* or just *Wanted.*
Look at those eyes by a Dead Certainty haunted!

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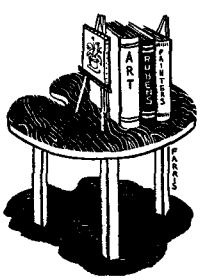
THE FINE ARTS

MODERN RELIGIOUS ART

A SHARPENING of interest in contemporary religious art is, I imagine, an inevitable aftermath of war. Certainly after World War I there were many manifestations of a new spirituality among painters and sculptors. The association known as *l'Arche*, for example, proposed an ecclesiastical architecture to which painters and sculptors were asked to make a subsidiary contribution. On the craft level the *Artisans de l'Autel* worked in a comparable spirit of esthetic reform, aiming at the improvement of devotional accessories. Neither of these groups constituted a brotherhood. The most important post-1918 movement in religious art did, or very nearly so. This was the *Ateliers d'art sacré*, instigated by Maurice Denis and Georges Desvallières under the patronage of the Catholic Institute of Paris. Members of this group dedicated themselves to a communal life of piety, called each other "companion," and emulated the German "Nazarites" of the early nineteenth century in severity of conviction. They clearly believed that the creation of a truly religious art requires spiritual preparation.



I have been looking recently at reproductions of the work produced by the *Ateliers d'art sacré* during the period 1918-25. This work is not very good by esthetic standards and this, I think, is tantamount to saying that it is not of maximum benefit to the church it was intended to serve. The religious art of the early 1920's was unquestionably improved in some degree by the organized efforts mentioned above. Even so, it was not adequate, and today much of it looks dated and tawdry, its sentiment sickly or harshly melodramatic. In fact we can now see plainly that the finest religious images of thirty years ago were achieved by men who took no part in planned religious movements in the arts. It is Rouault and not Denis or Desvallières who is the important Christian painter of the time. It is the occasional religious work produced by the predominantly secular artist which carries the honors and comes nearest an inspirational truth.

Perhaps it is the recognition of the latter fact, on the part of a few eminent Protestants and Catholics, which gives today's religious art so promising a chance for survival. The first encouraging news of this kind came from England, where, in the very middle of World War II, Henry Moore's "Madonna and Child" was completed for the church of St. Matthew's at Northampton. This was the first time in a hundred years, as Sir Kenneth Clark pointed out at the unveiling, that the Church of England had commissioned an artist who worked in a patently contemporary style. The man responsible for ordering Moore's sculpture was Canon Hussey, Vicar of St. Matthew's. Convinced of the commission's success, particularly since, as he said, "the voices of protest came . . . from those who had no connection with the church, nor with any Christian body, and who resented the feeling that they were being disturbed and outpaced by the church," Canon Hussey soon afterwards appointed Graham Sutherland to paint the large Crucifixion which now hangs in St. Matthew's. His choice was courageous, not only because Sutherland is one of Britain's leading modern painters, but because the latter belongs to the Roman Catholic Church rather than to the Church of England.

Meanwhile in France a Dominican monk, Father Couturier, had been put in charge of a far more ambitious project—the decoration of the almost completed church of Notre-Dame-de-Toute-Grâce at Assy in the Haute-Savoie. Father Couturier chose his artists without regard for their religious conviction or lack of it. "Faith," he said, with astonishing bluntness, "is no substitute for talent." He chose Bonnard, Rouault, Braque, Lipchitz, and Léger, among others, and today the church at Assy contains the greatest concentration of religious art by first-rank modern painters and sculptors anywhere in the world. One supposes that there have been protests from ecclesiastical authorities, especially since of these artists only Rouault is widely known as a devout Catholic. But Father Couturier is said to have been encouraged by the Pope, and he has stood firm. In 1948, replying to a question as to whether

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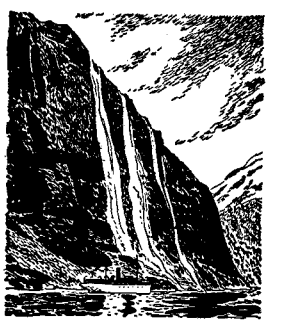
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he felt that non-believers could create genuinely religious works of art, he replied: "Why, certainly: one almost has an advantage in turning to artists detached from the classical traditions of Christian art. This detachment gives their works a nearly primitive freshness."

In recent months Father Couturier has been supervising another project: the creation at Vence on the French Riviera of Sainte Marie du Rosaire, a small chapel for Dominican nuns. Originally the eighty-year-old Henri Matisse was asked to design only the stained-glass windows, but now he has enthusiastically taken over the entire project, including the architecture itself. His plan calls for a simple white interior enlivened by windows in blazing colors on the south, by huge contour drawings in black and white on the other walls. He is building, in his words, "a church full of gaiety—a place which will make people happy." He emphatically does not want his chapel to be gloomy, "like all the others." Long known as a non-conformist, he has worked on the designs with unrelenting devotion.

Matisse's chapel, when completed, may well mark a turning point in church decoration. For whereas even so great a religious artist as Rouault has worked in a revivalist spirit, harking back in color and form to the Romanesque and Gothic traditions, Matisse utilizes a strictly contemporary idiom. He does not attempt to restate sacrosanct iconography through the intervention of a personalized style, as did Léger in designing the mosaics on the façade of the church at Assy. Matisse takes as point of departure an important modern rediscovery: that symbolism in art can be abstract as well as specific. In describing his chapel, he has said: "The windows run from floor to ceiling, fifteen feet high. They will be made of pure color shapes, very brilliant. No figures, just the pattern of the shapes. Imagine when the sun pours through the glass—it will throw colored reflections on the white floor and walls, a whole orchestra of color."

Matisse's views on church decoration bring me to a claim by which I intend no irreverence whatever. This is that the so-called "abstract" art of our time might in certain instances quite properly and effectively be used as an adjunct of church architecture. We tend to forget that religious symbolism was often extremely abstract until, at last, Renaissance humanism engulfed the world. Indeed, Father Couturier, with what seems to me excessive zeal, prefers extreme forms of contemporary art to the painting of the later Renaissance—and by religious standards. "He feels," according to a recent interview in the Paris *Herald Tribune*, "that modern art is less sensual and more spiritualistic than the lush paintings of the Renaissance Romans and Florentines. . . . He feels cubism is closer to the Christian art of the Middle Ages." If I for one find it hard to believe that a cubist Picasso will ever rival a Raphael in Christian consciousness, I nevertheless think that Father Couturier is right in asserting that the Renaissance tradition can no longer be emulated directly. "The academic Beaux-Arts painting," he says with justice, "is dead."

Perhaps the only thing to do, then, is to try, like Matisse, to find out what contribution the advanced forms of contemporary art may make to religion. At times, of course, an isolated artist will propose something interesting in an established vernacular, as Giacomo Manzù has done lately in his prize-winning designs for the new doors of St. Peter's in the Vatican. Yet on the whole it appears to me that modern abstraction more frequently approaches a valid transcendentalism of which the various churches might well avail themselves. Could there be a more appropriate decoration for a chapel niche than Brancusi's "Bird in Space"? And what would happen if Mark Rothko's remarkable new paintings, shimmering with a quite unphysical radiance, were hung in a church? The story of Christianity is conveyed today by the spoken or written word, and only secondarily by the visual image. We should at least be willing to discover whether modern art is really antipathetic to religion or whether, in this as in many particulars, it sometimes penetrates to the core of the human spirit. In any case, the only alternative, with rare exceptions, is calculated revivalism. The history of religious art is strewn with its arthritic bones.

—James Thrall Soby.

—*From "The Challenge of Modern Art."*

Mantegna's "Madonna and Child" (1460).

Graphic Unfoldment

THE CHALLENGE OF MODERN ART. By Allen Leepa. New York: Beechhurst Press. 256 pp. $6.

By Jerome Mellquist

MODERN art, which but recently took some scattered sniping from a well-barbered lot of opponents, has here enlisted a new agent in its defense. But Allen Leepa does not curvet and lacquer the phrase as did some of the accusers. As a teacher of art at the Brooklyn and Metropolitan museums and as a full-time member on the faculty of Michigan State University who is himself a practising painter, he prefers a more patient kind of building. Apparently he has learned that the only correction to current bewilderments — and these surely gave the attackers their initial chink of opportunity—is to be fortified with sound and pertinent knowledge. Quietly then he proceeds to set brick upon brick in a structure—a virtual new schoolhouse of the mind—which no attacker can demolish.

Before constructing this new shelter of understanding, however, he first shows wherein it will differ from others of the kind. "This book," he declares, "is an attempt to fill the gap in our appreciation of modern art by appreciating it through the artist who creates the pictures instead of through the critic or the art historian." That much being clear, he rapidly ascertains the artist's nature—physically, emotionally, and intellectually—and briefly editorializes on the effective role the painter today can perform in leading the world out of its present rummage of alarm. And then he submits his chart of construction: three chapters of historical background, three more on the so-called tools and vocabulary of vision, and, last, a batch of citations from the artists so as to keep the matter continually alive in terms of their understanding.

While disclaiming any wish to confine himself to a straitjacket of arbitrary design, he does, nevertheless, somewhat fence himself in with his quick thumbnailing of mankind's graphic unfoldment from past ages to the present. Only when pointing all his data towards the emancipation of man's space-creating faculty does he continually bathe his material with that light more consistently emanating from his fundamental intention. He well knows, for example, that Giotto merely did bas-reliefs with a hint of shading, so to speak, and that not until the verge of the Baroque did the painter drop the forestage notion of his space area and finally mingle

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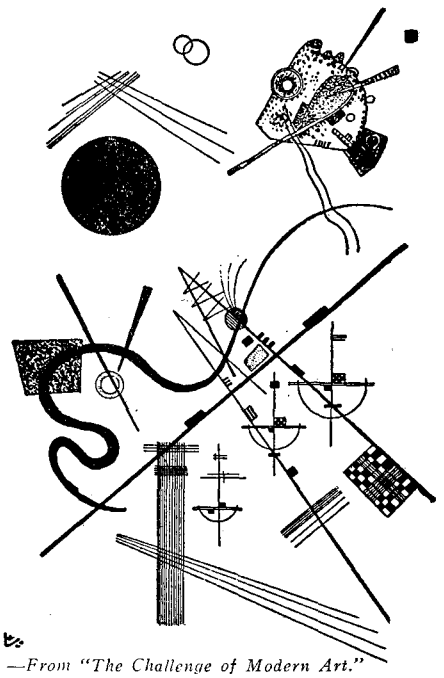

—From "The Challenge of Modern Art."

"Black and White," by Wassily Kandinsky.

the farther reaches with the forward ones in a perpetual flow of movement. Still later, having adhered to the historical thread until recent days, Mr. Leepa shows precisely wherein the latest painting of a Hans Hofmann, a well-tempered Braque, or a syncopated Marin fits into this schedule of man's space-apprehensive development.

The three chapters following are devoted to the elucidation of the artist's inmost being. Here tension and release — whether as bodily pulls or muscular outflow, whether overwrought emotional containments, as with an expressionist painter like Van Gogh, or still deeper psychic attunements, as in the case of Cézanne, leading to the storm-chords of a magnificent spatial orchestration — all these set up ramparts which should resist any attempts at contest. This part of the book might be compared to a series of daily talks with a space-sensitive painter who, by reference to specific passages in his work, takes the approach to art out of the merely verbal and at last locates it in the denser stuff of stress and counter-stress, and all those related delights of balance and toppling that the searching artist finds it so difficult to put into words. This, the very core of the book's meaning, is ably enforced by numerous quotations from artists.

Mr. Leepa has constructed an edifice that a future lot of barbarians, however well dressed or unkempt, will not so easily penetrate with their shots. His illustrations, both as diagrams and out-and-out reproductions, repeatedly bolster the text and further insure its value as a sure guide through the thicket of present misunderstandings.

650-575-480 B. C.

ARCHAIC GREEK ART. By Gisela M. A. Richter. New York: Oxford University Press. 226 *pp.* $12.50.

By A. E. RAUBITSCHEK

THIS book shows clearly that archaic Greek art is not primitive or, as Roger Fry quaintly put it, from the "primitive point of view early Greek art is a failure." The book also shows, to use Miss Richter's own words, that archaic Greek art "is no longer valued merely as foreshadowing later, 'greater' achievements, but for its own sake." The book thus contradicts Fry's assertion that "the story of Greek art is the story of a step-by-step discovery of the true nature of appearance." Of all the known original works of Greek art the vast majority belong to the archaic period (*ca.* 650-480 B.C.). Thus Miss Richter's magnificent contribution to the series of Mary Flexner Lectures at Bryn Mawr College deals with one of the important periods of Greek art for which there is ample evidence available in stone, bronze, and terra-cotta sculptures, in vase paintings, and on coins. The more than 300 excellent illustrations represent a good but small selection of the extant material.

The works of early Greek art are not only for the most part anonymous, they are also undated. Two generations of scholars have labored to establish a relative and absolute chronology and to distinguish the peculiar style of individual artists, of their schools, and of certain wider areas of artistic production. Miss Richter herself, as curator of the Greek and Roman Collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has taken an active and prominent part in these studies, and we must be grateful to her for having given us a clearly written and scholarly sound account of archaic Greek art against its historical background.

Miss Richter has wisely refrained from assigning different statues to the hand of one sculptor or even to one specific local school, and she has preferred "to classify the material . . . according to the finding places." Her book is therefore not a history of early Greek art, but rather a topographical survey covering the three main periods of the archaic age (650-575-527-480 B.C.); the chapters are introduced by short, concise summaries of the social, economic, and political history of the particular area.

Although each one of the three periods is connected with the lifetime of well-known personalities (Cypselus, Periander, Solon, Croesus, Cyrus,

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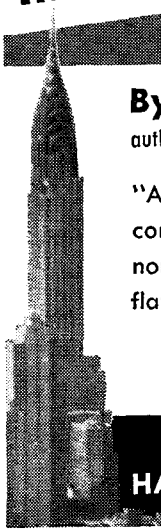
"all the magic and terror of the city in a little book likely to outlast its steel and concrete."
—CLIFTON FADIMAN,
Book-of-the-Month Club News

HERE IS NEW YORK



By E. B. WHITE
author of ONE MAN'S MEAT

"A miracle of literary compactness that misses none of the City's color, or flavor, or changing mood."
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Pisistratus, Polycrates) or with important events (the fall of tyranny in Athens, the Ionian revolt, the Persian invasion of Greece), these periods have actually little historical significance, since the men as well as the events associated with them had but local or at best regional influence. Miss Richter's book accordingly raises once more the problem whether a history can be written of a period not treated by a contemporary or nearly contemporary historian. The work of Herodotus confines itself to the Persian Wars and their historical background, mainly on the Persian side. The Greek history of the sixth century is treated by Herodotus in short chapters about a few localities. Miss Richter's optimistic complaint that "there is, unfortunately, no up-to-date account of Greek history during the archaic period" is unjustified. Such a history cannot be written, and her new and stimulating approach is perhaps the only possible one.

Unlike the student of political history, the art historian deals with original works in their original form. His account can therefore give the impression of intimate familiarity with the material treated. Indeed, the great value of Miss Richter's book lies in the fact that she is not only familiar with all the modern scholarship to which she herself has contributed so much, but that she has seen and examined all the monuments which she discusses.

A. E. Raubitschek is associate professor of classics at Princeton.

When Is a Primitive a Primitive?

PICTORIAL FOLK ART. By Alice Ford. New York: The Studio Publishers. 171 *pp.* $6.95.

By Katherine Coffey

MISS FORD's book brings renewed pleasure to folk-art enthusiasts and will surely add new admirers to the field, for she has succeeded more than any other recent author on the subject in conveying the essence and the spirit of these men and women whose work constitutes such a rich heritage in our country's art history. Miss Ford deals with the primitive artist on his own level; she writes of him with sympathy as a person doing a job honestly, with simple pleasure in his own accomplishment, whether it be a portrait or a bit of decoration to fill in an idle moment. She approaches her subject on the human side and she finds herself, and her readers along with her, making good friends of these mostly anonymous painters who turned with typical American versatility from the painting of signs, coaches, and houses to the painting of portraits and landscapes.

The study of folk art in the United States, as Miss Ford points out, is comparatively young, having had its beginnings in the 1920's. During the twenty-five years or so since the interest has become more than a hobby for a few widely scattered individuals, most of them contemporary artists, whose seeing eye searched out the real quality of these paintings, many exhibitions with well-documented catalogues have been held, a few books and articles written, and a great deal of lively discussion has taken place on what makes a painting "folk" and when is a "primitive a primitive." Few books on the subject have covered as wide a field as Miss Ford's, and in her admirable chapter "An Evaluation" she discusses some of the terms that have caused confusion in characterizing folk art such as "provincial," "folk," "primitive," "amateur," "popular," etc. She also places this type of art in its proper relationship to the expression of pictorial art in our country.

Miss Ford makes a definite contribution to the field by bringing together, under one cover, examples of folk art from the eighteenth century to the present day. By concerning herself only with pictorial art, she has been able in her fifty pages of text not only to deal with the varied types of work —portraiture, landscape, religion and allegorical, historical and patriotic genre and still life, female seminary art, Scrimshaw and calligraph drawings—a vast array of subject matter in itself, but she also gives an historical background for each. Her sketches of the personal history of some of the named painters give exactly the right touch to complete our appreciation of the times and the human qualities of these artists. To round out the picture she has included selections on New Mexico and California folk painting, regional paintings and drawings which include Pennsylvania German and Shaker drawing based on the portfolios assembled for the WPA "Index of American Design." American Indian primitive painting is also discussed. There is just enough in this last section of the book to pique our curiosity.

The text is nicely supplemented by the inclusion of descriptive material along with the illustrations—250 in number, five in color. To those of us who have had to cope with the handling and storage of the sometimes tremendously oversized art books lately off the press, this book will come as a relief. The illustrations and the type in the text are both small but the readability does not suffer, and the reproductions, many of them never before published, are for the most part excellent.

Katherine Coffey is director of the Newark (N. J.) Museum.

"Boy with Finch," by an unknown artist (ca. 1790).

"Alice Mason, Two Years of Age," by the Mason Limner (1670).

—Illustrations from "Pictorial Folk Art."

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Art Book Notes

SPANISH DRAWINGS XV-XIX CENTURIES, by José Gomez Sicre. FLEMISH DRAWINGS XIV-XVI CENTURIES, by André Leclerc. VENETIAN DRAWINGS XIV-XVII CENTURIES, by Graziano D'Albanella. Hyperion. $2.50 *ea.* Approximately eighty well-chosen drawings are reproduced and a short introduction and satisfactory notes for every artist provided in each of these low-priced volumes. Unhappily, the editing is unconscionably careless. Although the title makes the claim, there are no fourteenth-century pictures in the Venetian volume, while the work of three eighteenth-century men does appear. The Spanish volume contains no fifteenth-century drawings and the representation from the nineteenth century is slight. The English used in the texts of the Venetian and Spanish books can be charitably described as quaint. Editorially, the Flemish volume is beyond serious reproach. Although the reproductions are described by the publishers as "facsimiles," actually colored veils have been printed over the drawings indiscriminately, in imitation of the colored challis and papers used by *some* artists of the period.

EL GRECO, by Ludwig Goldscheider. Phaidon-Oxford. $5. This is a large, fat volume of reproductions similar to those through which the Viennese house of Phaidon gained a high reputation before the war. As a matter of fact, it is virtually a reprinting of a prewar book, although items now considered of doubtful authenticity have been deleted. Among the new material are reproductions of three pieces of sculpture by El Greco. Paintings cleaned during the intervening years have been newly photographed. This edition contains 220 page-size plates, ten in color; the details of many paintings have been blown up, some as large as the original. In the seventeen pages of introduction Mr. Goldscheider, an art historian of considerable background, has succeeded in capturing the essentials of El Greco's life and work. Thanks to the devaluation of foreign currency, this is a bargain at the price.

FRA ANGELICO, by Germain Bazin. Hyperion-Macmillan. $7.50. He has borne many names—Guido di Pietro, by which he was baptized in 1387, Fra Giovanni, which he assumed on becoming a Dominican monk, Fra Angelico, by which he became known soon after his death in 1455, and many combinations and variations in the voluminous literature that has been written about him. Even more numerous are the points of view from which this fascinating painter-friar is studied. He has been identified as an essentially Gothic man, a Renaissance man, a Platonist, a medieval classicist, and a saint.

In this volume Germain Bazin, of the staff of the Louvre Museum, tries to avoid espousing any particular approach, confronting the views of such authorities as Longhi, Berenson, Muratoff, and Burkhardt with scholarly and usually valid argument. After taking pains to establish the climate and thought and spirit which nurtured that fleeting Medician period in which Fra Angelico flourished, Bazin analyzes the artist, his work, and his school. This is no romantic or anecdote-packed biography, but rather an intensive study of the man and his immediate periphery. His language is occasionally overly luxuriant; his approach is always that of a modern art historian.

There are 160 photogravure plates, sixteen in color, and many enlarged details.

CERAMICS FOR THE COLLECTOR, by George Savage. Macmillan. $4. When Mr. Savage was an amateur collector he wished for a volume that would save him from costly errors of judgment by providing him with the basic facts about pottery and porcelain. Now that he is an established dealer himself, he has written just such a handbook. Before accepting Mr. Savage's "prime rule" that one should put one's trust in a reliable dealer, one should bear in mind that he himself is a dealer and that many of the conditions he describes are peculiar to the United Kingdom. The 140 illustrations and eight pages of drawings of pot shapes should prove instructive to beginners, while the extensive bibliography will provide plenty of leads to more detailed information. Mr. Savage does not provide a catalogue of potter's marks—a forgivable omission because there are so many marks to list—but names the classical handbooks which the serious amateur should consult.

—L. R. Sander.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE ROCK

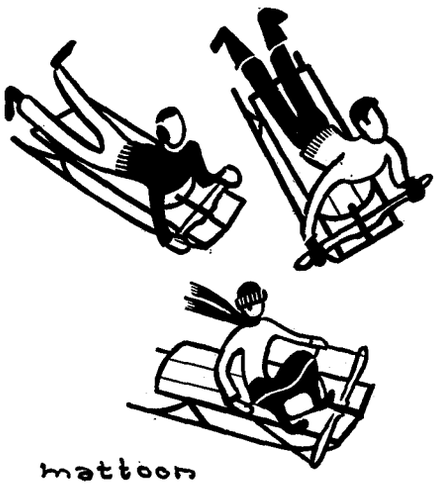
HE said, when I complained of never sleeping:
"Block off your thoughts!" I could not understand
his simple charge, Block off, and so I questioned
and he explained what's easier said than done
and only comes with practice over years.
"Like this," he said: "think of a tree or think
about a rock!" A rock I chose to study,
liking the newness after outworn sheep.
I shut my eyes and found a huge gray stone
in a field alone, a comfortable rock
with mica gleaming in its gray that caught
the sun and color-splintered all my vision.
It was an only slightly jagged rock,
spooned out for water where birds came to bathe,
with nutshells scattered on its sun-baked surface.
I walked around it, noting how alone
And individual it was, and searching
A hollow to fit my back, both strong and hearty.
And as I found it, settling to its curves,
sitting, my feet extended, eyes relaxed . . .
I must have drifted off, its rough, warm strength
scratching my back . . . for I can not remember
more than that first husbandly feel of comfort . . .
as yet I have not gotten to the tree.

—ALMA ROBERTS GIORDAN.

* * *

THE GREAT ENGLISH NOVEL

"But" is the first of Mr. Alfred White's novels to be published in this country although for years England has been acclaiming his four earlier novels, "Or," "If," "Yet," and "Why." Rebecca West has called him the greatest novelist of this or any other century. Elizabeth Bowen considers that he has created a new world, out of this world, and the *Liverpool Courier* thinks that he has set a new goal for every other English novelist, living or dead. It seems that Alfred White is the pseudonym for a prominent business executive. Anyone reading his latest novel can understand



how he might be a brilliant success in another field.

One of the most remarkable novels, according to those who know, of the last three decades, or thirty-three, is Gleece Merry's "To Be or Not." Although Mr. Merry's name is not so well known in the United States as it should be, this is his eighth novel, each of them regarded by England's most astute critics as the greatest since Fielding. All the most important English novelists consider Mr. Merry so remarkable that they are delighted that he is at last being exposed to the American public.

"To Be or Not" gives an unforgettable picture of three generations as seen through the mind of a man of 100 who has been deaf, dumb and blind since birth, besides having always been slightly cracked. How Mr. Merry can know so accurately what goes on in the mind of such a character is a triumph of artistry and absolutely unbelievable.

Miss Laurel Brompton-hyphen-Bangs's new novel, "Two Worlds Both Somewhat Odd" is the second of this amazing writer's amazing works to reach our shores although she seems to have written dozens and is considered by her fellow writers as England's greatest novelist of any age and any sex. Her last year's novel, "Mr. Lamb and All the Bull" was chosen by the Genius of the Week Club. Miss Laurel Brompton-hyphen-Bangs has created an entirely new technique in which all of her characters use exactly the same words and phrases and yet convey every emotion and every situation known to the human race. She is a satirist of a wit so subtle and profound that it is only after about the tenth reading that you get a glimmer of her meaning. Swift and Thackeray had better look to their Laurel.

Each of these three writers is—so far—the greatest English novelist of all time. Although differing widely in techniques they have one thing in common which the social historian will find deeply significant. They all deal with life below stairs. Mr. White's characters are the entire domestic staff of a country house. Miss Brompton-hyphen-Bangs's wisest and wittiest people are cooks, butlers, and governesses. Mr. Merry's heroine, in at least two of his novels, is a good cook who, on the side, robs and seduces her employers out of sheer bigness of heart. All of these writers seem to be looking back nostalgically to a prewar England, to that long-ago time when maids were obtainable.

—BENNETT EPSTEIN.

* * *

DADDY'S BANK ACCOUNT

When babies are the tender size,
They're easy to commercialize:
In sundry verses, skits, and sketches
We write them up for what it fetches,
And many an infant fast asleep
Is paying for his parents' keep.
In fact, some authors are the sort
Whose children form their chief support,
And this is quite unfair, because
It violates the labor laws.

It must be granted, none the less,
That kiddies cost a lot to dress,
And though they yield a rich return,
They squander every cent they earn.
To work, my child, and spur the Muse!
You owe me for a pair of shoes,
So let me hear the joyous clank
Of coins in Daddy's piggy bank.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY.

* * *

New editions of formerly printed volumes are by McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 228 Bloor St., W. Toronto, Can., of Arthur Stringer's "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems," first published in 1907; and by Twayne Publishers, Inc., 42 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y., of "Address to the Living," by John Holmes, in the Twayne Library of Modern Poetry. For further information about this series, about "Mid-Century American Poets," edited by John Ciardi, and about the Twayne Poetry Contest, write to the address given. Marshall Schact won their first contest, and his book "Fingerboard" (Twayne Publishers) bears a preface by F. O. Matthiessen. . . .

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
FROM LONDON		
BEETHOVEN: CONCERTO #5 ("Emperor"). Clifford Curzon; London Philharmonic, Szell. London *LP*: LLP 114 *Comparison*: (SAME) Rudolph Serkin; N.Y. Phil., Walter. Columbia *LP*: ML 4004	As confidently expected here, the newest London LP's are hugely improved. These have the familiar steely-silk sound, sharp (too sharp for my ear), clear, minus blasts. "Emperor" has some bad pitch changes at patches, piano a bit hard. The old Serkin shellacs have weird "characteristic"—highs and lows droop. Corrected in LP. Piano is excellent! The Haydn "Clock" is highly satisfactory; wide range, nice liveness, excellent winds. Couldn't be better. The Mozart is less steely, softer—just as well. It's good, too.	Good quality, high-fidelity "Emperor"; but on direct comparison Serkin & Walter do an unbeatable job, for my ear. Ultra smooth ffrr makes a close choice—what with Schnabel and Gieseking available in older sets. An ingratiating "Clock" thoroughly musical, well phrased and accurate. Good woodwind playing. The Mozart is not quite as smooth or transparent; strings a bit uneven. But it's a nice, straightforward reading, tense, uneccentric. I like it.
HAYDN: SYMPHONY #101 ("Clock"). Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Ansermet. London *LP*: LPS 54 (10")		
MOZART: SYMPHONY #40. London Philharmonic, Kleiber. London *LP*: LPS 89 (10")	There isn't significant difference between this 78 and the above LP, same orchestra. If anything, the LP is better.	An excellent and spirited performance of an overshadowed work — boiling-down of #2 and #3, which actually came first. A fine Beethoven item.
BEETHOVEN: "LEONORA" OVERTURE #1. London Philharmonic, Van Beinum. London 78: T-5162 (1)	Perhaps it's the music, maybe the voice or the weather—this is one of ffrr's best efforts. Splendid voice quality, presence; beautifully deep orchestral perspective.	Another of London's great, commanding voices in an arresting performance with excellent orch. backing. Tremendous "presence" to this voice. Colorful Tchaikovsky.
TCHAIKOVSKY: "MAID OF ORLEANS" ("JOAN OF ARC"): "FAREWELL" ARIA. Eugenia Zareska; London Philharmonic, Martinon. London 78: T-5230 (1)		
*MEYERBEER: CORONATION MARCH ("THE PROPHET"); CHABRIER: "JOYOUS" MARCH. Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos. Columbia 3-201 (1 7") 19013-D (1 10")	Cold, sharp, brassy wide-range recording—in the microgroove seven-inch version these are buzzy and noisy no matter how I play them.	Mitropoulos, the electric-shock treatment, given to two quite respectable marches. Tempi incredibly fast, atmosphere of extreme hysteria!

*Reviewed from slow-speed version.

COLUMBIA LP REISSUES—POST-CHRISTMAS LIST

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the last check list* (SRL *Aug. 23*) *Columbia has delved deeper, wider, further back into its past library, with increasingly good results as technical know-how improves. These LP's are improvements, often startling, over original shellac issues up to a decade old. It is well worth while replacing older albums with their revivified equivalents.*

DEBUSSY, Sonata #2, flute, viola, harp ML 4090(½). BRITTEN, "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra." ML 4197(½). BRAHMS, "German Requiem" SL-157(2). HANDEL, The Twelve Concerti Grossi, Op. 6 SL-158(4). GOULD, "Interplay"; MUSIC OF MORTON GOULD ML 4218. KREISLER, "Favorites"; PAGANINI, "Caprices" (Francescatti-Balsam) ML 4219. STRAUSS, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" ML 2062. WAGNER, "Walküre," Act III, complete (Traubel-Janssen); Act I, Sc. 3 (Traubel-Darcy) SL-5(2). PROKOFIEV, "Alexander Nevsky" (Cantata) ML 4247. BARTOK, Piano Concerto #3 (Sandor) ML 4239(½). SMETANA, "The Moldau" (Walter); BRAHMS, "Academic Festival" Overture (Barbirolli) ML 2075. BERLIOZ, Requiem SL-159(2). VIENNESE WALTZES (Alex. Schneider Quintet) ML 2068. VERDI, Duets (Ilitsch-Baum-Tucker) ML 4230. IVES, "Concord" Sonata (J. Kirkpatrick) ML 4250. MAHLER, Symphony #1 (Mitropoulos) ML 4251. SHOSTAKOVITCH, Symphony #6 (Reiner) ML 4249. TCHAIKOVSKY, Symphony #2 ("Little Russian") ML 4252. A PROGRAM OF MEXICAN MUSIC (dir. Chavez) ML 2080. MILHAUD, Symphony #1 (Milhaud) ML 2082. SCHUMANN, Piano Quintet E flat (Serkin-Busch) ML 2081. ROBIN HOOD (Rathbone) ML 2063.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 824

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Small shiners widely distributed in the streams of Eastern and Central N.A.	55 158 36 2 100 21 128
B. Discharged the contents of.	25 61 3 133 145 41 181 83
C. An appellation applied to "death's night" in one of Shakespeare's "Sonnets."	104 174 14 35 120 52 164 113
D. "Poor whites" (local U.S.).	98 138 7 24 111 72
E. Shillong is its capital.	13 10 59 33 171
F. A device for turning screws or clamps on patent blocks or bases (print.).	75 85 161 69 12 40 134
G. Exclamation expressing vexation (U.S.).	62 70 84 99 106 38 44
H. A nomadic Arab people in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.	22 81 28 60 51 1 156 4
I. Applied to a "fund" kept on hand for the payment of minor items (accounting).	93 168 108 180 47 149 141
J. An iron collar worn as punishment, esp. by runaway slaves (hist.).	105 89 135 46 42 167 79 121
K. The largest lake in Europe.	86 148 27 32 159 155
L. Emphatic pronoun, third person, neuter.	54 124 80 49 87 30
M. First British Governor of New York, 1664-68.	139 152 114 178 101 26 109
N. Goddess attendants of Eros, Aphrodite, etc. (Gr. myth.).	173 116 160 73 56 68

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A repeated dull thud (comp.).	183 65 78 177 37 125
P. American operatic tenor (Metropolitan and Chicago Civic Operas; 1888-1942).	95 170 23 154 16 162 147
Q. King of Great Britain and Ireland, 1901-10.	127 102 15 163 131 50
R. What Gradgrind in Dickens's "Hard Times" is especially given to.	165 77 129 175 19
S. American poet and novelist (1886-1941; "The Time of Man," etc.).	17 107 179 123 144 94 172
T. Toward the center; inward.	29 82 34 117 140
U. An innovation.	90 66 132 119 31 150 112
V. American poet associated with Poe (unusual metrical experiments; 1809-58).	153 142 8 118 5 166 146
W. American writer of biography, novels, music, plays (1872-).	151 20 71 126 176 91
X. An utterly false story (slang).	92 110 130 67 9 103 169
Y. Bohemian-born German composer (1832-1915).	115 53 18 157 45
Z. Moves backward; withdraws.	48 88 96 76 58 63 6 136 182
Z¹. A cheaply clever, bumptious fellow (2 wds.; colloq. U.S.).	137 57 74 43 11 97 64 143 39 122

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 H	2 A	■	3 B	4 H	5 V	■	6 Z	7 D	8 V	9 X	10 E	■	11 Z¹	12 F	13 E	14 C
■	15 Q	16 P	17 S	18 Y	■	19 R	20 W	21 A	22 H	■	23 P	24 D	25 B	26 M	27 K	■
28 H	29 T	■	30 L	31 U	32 K	33 E	34 T	35 C	36 A	■	37 O	38 G	39 Z¹	40 F	■	41 B
42 J	43 Z¹	44 G	■	45 Y	46 J	47 I	48 Z	49 L	50 Q	■	51 H	52 C	■	53 Y	54 L	55 A
56 N	57 Z¹	58 Z	59 E	■	60 H	61 B	62 G	■	63 Z	64 Z¹	65 O	66 U	67 X	68 N	■	69 F
70 G	71 W	72 D	■	73 N	74 Z¹	75 F	76 Z	77 R	78 O	79 J	80 L	■	81 H	82 T	83 B	■
84 G	85 F	86 K	87 L	88 Z	89 J	90 U	91 W	■	92 X	93 I	94 S	95 P	■	96 Z	97 Z¹	98 D
■	99 G	100 A	101 M	102 Q	103 X	104 C	■	105 J	106 G	107 S	108 I	109 M	■	110 X	111 D	112 U
113 C	■	114 M	115 Y	116 N	117 T	118 V	119 U	120 C	121 J	■	122 Z¹	123 S	124 L	125 O	126 W	127 Q
128 A	■	129 R	130 X	131 Q	132 U	133 B	134 F	135 J	136 Z	137 Z¹	■	138 D	139 M	140 T	■	141 I
142 V	143 Z¹	■	144 S	145 B	146 V	147 P	■	148 K	149 I	■	150 U	151 W	152 M	153 V	154 P	■
155 K	156 H	■	157 Y	158 A	159 K	160 N	161 F	162 P	163 Q	164 C	■	165 R	166 V	167 J	168 I	■
169 X	170 P	171 E	172 S	173 N	174 C	175 R	176 W	■	177 O	178 M	■	179 S	180 I	181 B	182 Z	183 O

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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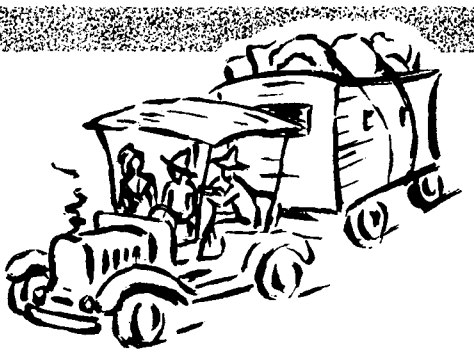

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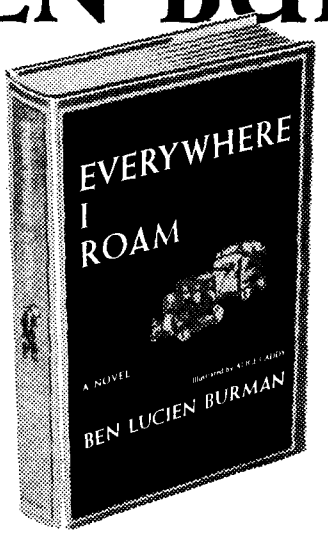

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